

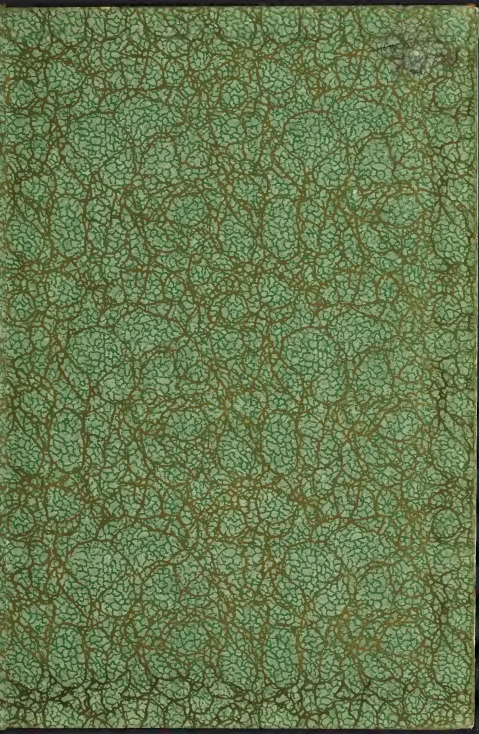
LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
ELDER PETER L. BRANSTETTER

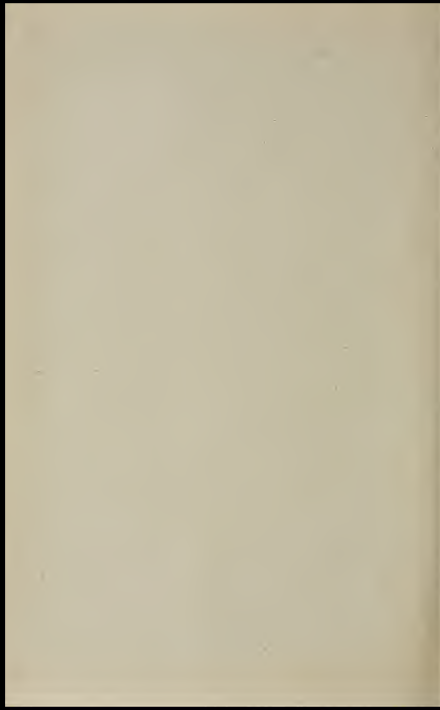
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LIFE AND TRAVELS.

LABORS AND WRITINGS OF

ELDER PETER L. BRANSTETTER

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4

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INTRODUCTION.

I feel that it might be well to write a few words by way of introduction. This book contains a great deal of the history of father's life, both natural and spiritual, and I know it will be a comfort to the family to have the writings of our father, (the original being his own handwriting,) preserved in the form of a book, that we may spend some of our leisure moments reading and meditating on the things that he speaks of in his day. I do not know that father thought, when penning the words collected in this book, that they would be preserved for his children and their descendants to read.

The surroundings, naturally speaking, are quite different at the present from what they were in father's day, and as time goes on there will be many other changes which will make this book more and more interesting.

Besides the interest that the family will take in this book, there are many brethren and sisters in the churches still living who were associated with father, and many who

sat under his ministry and mingled their voices with his in songs of praise and prayer to God, and I have no doubt many of these will take a special interest in his account of his travels and labors, bringing back to their minds afresh the times and seasons now gone into the past forever.

There are many other brethren and sisters, belonging to the younger generation, who personally can not realize the hardships and difficulties of the pioneer ministers who laid the foundations for the present churches in labor and self-denial, and I believe all these will be benefitted and instructed by reading these pages.

Twenty-three years have passed since father's spirit took its flight to the better land. Let us, his children, remember his last words as he took us each, one by one, by the hand and said, "Farewell, be good boys and girls." And let us consider also that a good name is better than precious ointment; and the day of death than the day of one's birth.

Your brother, in hope of eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ,

ENOCH BRANSTETTER.

Curryville, Mo., March 15, 1913.

THE ANCESTORS OF ELDER PETER L. BRANSTETTER.

The Branstetter family in the United States is of German descent. The great-grandfather of Peter L. Branstetter emigrated to America about the year 1765, and settled in the State of Pennsylvania. He served eighteen years in the German army before coming to this country.

His Grandfather Branstetter was born during the voyage across the Atlantic ocean.

His father, Frederick Branstetter, was born and reared near the the town of Knoxville, Tenn. He served twelve months as a soldier in the war of 1812, a portion of the time under the personal command of General Andrew Jackson. He settled in Pike Co., Mo., in the year 1819, and died in his seventy-ninth year, having lived on the same farm for a period of fifty-four years. He was the father of a large family of children, ten living to be heads of families.

Peter L., the eldest son, was a man endowed with an indomitable will. There seemed to be no obstacle too great for him

to surmount when his mind was once made up. He was a zealous and faithful minister of the gospel of Christ, and preached with great force, and with considerable degree of ability, the gospel as he understood it; but he was somewhat lacking in that charity that was due those who differed from him as to the teachings of the holy scriptures.

B. F. BRANSTETTER.

A PERSONAL TRIBUTE TO THE MEM- ORY OF ELDER BRANSTETTER.

I was personally acquainted with the late Elder Peter L. Branstetter and became very much attached to this man of God. He had the care of Sulphur Springs Primitive Baptist church, east of Jacksonville, Ill., for five years, and during that time, although I lived twenty miles distant from the church, yet I was a regular attendant each month. O, how I have been made to rejoice under his ministry, salvation by grace alone being his theme.

Elder Branstetter was very highly esteemed by the Primitive Baptists. I do not think that I ever heard a minister that was more able to defend the doctrines of election, regeneration, justification by faith and the final perseverance of the saints. To know this dear man of God, and to hear him, was to love him.

I shall never forget the last sermon that I heard from him. It was at the close of the Cuivre-Siloam association in August before he died in April. I remember his con-

cluding words. He said: "Brethren, I may never be able to preach to you again, but I want you to know that I believe in the doctrine of the resurrection. I believe that God will raise these vile bodies and fashion them like the glorious body of Jesus, and then we shall see Jesus and be like Him and be satisfied. Dear brethren, let us pray our Father in heaven to send laborers into His harvest." Much more might be said of this precious brother.

May God the Father help us, and may we be permitted to finish our course as did this dear man. I believe that it may be truly said of Elder Branstetter that he fought a good fight, that he kept the faith, and that a crown of righteousness was laid up for him, which the righteous Judge shall give to him, and not to him only, but to all who love His appearing.

May the Lord guide us all by His spirit in the way of truth and righteousness.

J. A. CONLEE.

Waverly. Ill.

TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

DIARY—MARCH, 1850, TO FEBRUARY, 1851.

Pike Co., Mo., Mch. 24, 1850.

We left old Pike March 24, 1850, and that night camped on Spencer creek, a distance of thirteen miles. The 25th, passed over bad and muddy roads a distance of twelve miles, and camped on the prairie; expenses were \$2.10. The 26th, passed over very bad roads and camped on Pigeon Roost creek, a distance of sixteen miles; very cold and muddy; expenses \$2.75. The 27th, expenses \$3.75. Our team walked off fine this morning, and three miles brought us to Salt river, crossed on the bridge; six miles brought us to Florida, roads very bad in places; distance fifteen miles. The 28th, one and one-half miles brought us to Paris. Passed five wagons; traveled one-half mile farther and camped; turned our horses loose in the woods for the first time; distance fourteen miles; roads bad in places; expenses \$4.35. The 29th, started at sunrise, traveled three miles and bought

corn for the day; corn very scarce, worth 40 and 50 cents per bushel; our expenses \$4.85. Six miles brought us to Milton, across the West Fork of Salt river, and camped within three miles of Huntsville. The 30th, three miles brought us to Huntsville, and one and one-half miles farther to the East Fork of Chariton river. No corn to be had at any price hardly; we traveled until after dark before we could find corn. Crossed Middle Chariton one and one-half miles and camped. Passed five wagons to-day, distance fifteen miles, expenses \$5.40. The 31st, we started late, our expenses \$6.25; crossed Grand Chariton; two miles below came to Keytesville, where we crossed Mussel Fork; distance fifteen miles; paid 55 cents for corn; roads very good.

April 1. It rained last night and the roads are very slippery and muddy. We passed through Brunswick on the bank of the Missouri river about 1 o'clock, and one and one-half miles brought us to Grand river which we crossed about 3 o'clock and camped on the farther bank with ten wagons. We paid to-day for corn, 75 cents per bushel; expenses \$8.75; distance ten miles.

April 2. It is raining. There were two pistols stolen in camp last night. We searched the ten wagons this morning but

did not find them. It rained all day and we would not have traveled if we could have gotten feed, but had to travel thirteen miles before we could get corn; corn is from 75 cents to \$1.00 a bushel. I raised as much corn last year as there is between Huntsville and Richmond. Expenses only \$2.50, because we could not find any corn to buy.

April 3. It is blustery and raining; six miles travel to Carrollton; expenses \$6.90. Camped on edge of Wakenda prairie; distance eight miles, roads very bad.

April 4. Started very slowly this morning, traveled across Wakenda prairie, which is twenty miles; very rainy and cold, and rained this afternoon. Stayed in a house to-night, which cost us 50 cents. Roads tolerable good; expenses \$6.50; distance twenty miles.

April 5. Raining and snowing this morning, and we do not expect to start until 12 o'clock. We shaved this morning; paid 60 cents a bushel for corn. We crossed the toll bridge on Crooked river, which cost our team \$1.00; expenses \$4.47. We traveled nine miles and camped in three miles of Richmond, Ray Co., Mo.; roads very bad.

April 6. It has the appearance of fair weather. We are all well and in good spirits; started late and it is the worst road

that I ever saw a wagon run through. The mud is from one to two feet deep. I got my mare shod at Richmond, cost \$1.50. Bought one gallon of molasses and jug, 60 cents; one-half bushel potatoes, 25 cents; one blank book, 25 cents; one-half bushel apples, 25 cents; have paid out for feed, \$25.00; for ferry, \$1.75; for crossing bridge, \$1.00. Distance six miles, expenses \$5.55.

April 7. We started late. I left the wagons this morning to go to St. Joseph; got to Plattsburg; I traveled thirty-three miles, wagons ten miles; expenses \$6.25.

April 8. I reached St. Joseph about 3 o'clock, traveled twenty-eight miles. The wagons traveled eleven miles; expenses 70 cents; roads getting better.

April 9. I crossed the Missouri river and went thirty miles over the prairie to an Indian village, where the Indian agent lived, and bought five barrels of corn at 90 cents a bushel. The wagon's expenses \$3.10; distance ten miles.

April 10. I started back from the Indian village; came to St. Joseph and went out six miles and bought twelve barrels of corn at 60 cents a bushel. There we were to stay two days and load one wagon with corn, then go on to the Indian village and

from there to the river. The wagon's expenses \$2.50; distance ten miles.

April 11. I met the wagons two miles before they got to Platte river, and crossed Platte river this evening. Five miles will bring us to where I bought the corn, and then six miles will bring us to St. Joseph. Expenses to-day \$6.50; distance seven miles.

April 12. Traveled five miles to where I bought corn; April 13, to-day we rested; April 14, Sunday, and we rested. The entire expense of our wagons is \$10.00. Ferry across Platte river, 55 cents. Expenses for lodging where I bought corn, \$1.00. Total amount for my wagon up to this date, April 14, \$41.15. April 15, we rested.

April 16. We started and it rained all day. We got to St. Joseph at 10 o'clock, but could not cross the river because the logs and ice ran so thick and fast. Here I bought what I wanted, which cost \$20.85, corn and fodder \$12.55, and \$6.15 the 17th; total \$39.55.

April 17. We could not cross the river and drove to the upper edge of town and camped. The river raised a foot an hour. Expenses last night for a lot and lodging \$2.50, ferry across the Missouri river \$1.75, day book and a rope 75 cents, and for fodder \$1.15; total \$6.15.

April 18. We came up to the ferry and camped on the bank.

April 19. We crossed the river and made twelve miles, camping on Muscateer creek; nine miles brought us to the Indian Agency.

April 20. Crossed Wolf river on bridge, cost 25 cents; made twelve miles and camped at the Agency. Paid \$1.00 a bushel for corn, bought twelve barrels, hauled it.

April 21. We started from the Agency with ten barrels of corn and traveled six miles over good soil. Camped, had plenty of wood and water; grass is making its appearance, but not enough to do the cattle any good. Our expenses for corn at the Agency was \$15.25; bought two pairs of moccasins for 50 cents.

April 22. Cloudy and very cold. We started early and made twenty-five miles over rich soil and beautiful prairie, without a stick of timber within six miles of the road, except in one place. There was water in the sloughs; we camped on Elm branch, in two miles of Nemaha river; plenty of wood and water. All are well and in good spirits. We camped by a fresh grave, and one made last year. Our expenses for everything is \$96.45. We are fifty-six miles out on the prairie this evening.

April 23. Made twenty-four miles over beautiful prairie; plenty of water in the sloughs; no timber in less than two miles of the road except where we camp. We left the road one mile to the right where there was plenty of wood and water on Overcup creek. We had fine fun to-day after wolves, but killed none. I. Wilson killed a turkey. I saw four graves to-day, and camped where there was one grave with the initials, "I. P.," and the Catholic mark on the headstone. There is no grass on the plains yet, but we have fine grazing in the bottom to-night.

April 24. We traveled over broken, sandy prairie eight miles, came to Big Nemaha, plenty of timber and the best of water; ten miles to the North Fork of Nemaha; First Fork plenty of water, a little wood; two miles to the Far Fork where we camped, plenty of wood and water. Made twenty miles, the best roads I ever saw. I went to sleep in the wagon to-day and lost my hat; it fell out and the wind blew it away. Our cattle look tolerably well and travel with anything on the road. We made four gallons of turkey soup for breakfast this morning. No grass to-night.

April 25. Traveled five miles over broken, sandy prairie, good camping ground

on either side of the road; then five miles over beautiful prairie; the last eight miles over level prairie, and left the road three-fourths mile to the right, there being wood and water. There are one hundred wagons camped here to-night. We camped two hours by sun; this is the first day I have gone in my shirt sleeves.

April 26. We traveled over level, rich prairie for four miles, then it was broken country to Blue river; there is timber on the left of us one-half mile away, for a distance of six miles. Distance traveled to-day ten miles. We are almost out of corn and not much grass. A man found my hat and gave it to me to-day. The river is fordable, is about forty steps wide, and a beautiful stream; passed two dead horses and one mule. The boys are fishing, but do not catch anything. We have to stand guard here day and night, as the Pawnee Indians will steal everything they can lay their hands on. We are to-night one hundred and twenty-eight miles from St. Joseph.

April 27. We rested. The boys caught some fine fish last night; we guarded the cattle until 11 o'clock on fine bottom grass. Three men came by us with their budgets on their backs, going home, and I sent a letter by them. It rained this evening and

we crossed the river for fear it would rise and we could not cross without swimming and rafting our wagons over.

April 28. We rested, some of the boys fishing and some hunting. I am lying in the tent, reading the Old Book. Our cattle are doing tolerably well without any corn. This is Sunday, a beautiful day, and we laid all our things out to sun this morning. I hauled about twenty-five hundred pounds from the Agency here; but here every one will take his own loading.

April 29. To-day we all washed, a warm day. About one hundred and fifty wagons camped here last night and all left this morning. Beck's old "Pide" had a calf last night. Have been here three days and nights, but will leave in the morning early.

April 30. We left Blue river and came nine miles to a small creek where was wood and water; came on seven miles and camped. Left the road one-half mile, tolerably good grass. Traveled to-day over tolerably level, sandy and gravelly prairie. There was a big wind storm last night, but no rain; we had to take the tent down and all get into the wagon. It was sultry warm last night, but so cold this morning that we had to put on all the coats we had and tie up our ears. It was the windiest day I

ever experienced in my life; we took off our wagon sheets to-day.

May 1. We traveled over tolerably level prairie to-day and camped on Wood creek. We came twelve miles and crossed the head of a creek which runs north; timber on the right one-quarter mile away; eight miles on to where we camped, plenty of wood and water, but hardly any grass. We saw an antelope and a Rocky mountain sheep to-day. The teams are in bad shape for traveling; distance twenty miles. The creek we camped on last night is what James Wilson calls Little Sandy.

May 2. We traveled north to-day, came twelve miles and turned square off to the left two and one-half miles to Big Sandy river, a beautiful stream thirty steps wide. We had to come here on account of grass. Had traveled from Blue river without grass and the teams were almost given out. Plenty of water and grass here. Distance twelve miles. There is no grass on the prairies at all. Had fine sport after antelopes this evening; saw thirty to-day. It is going to rain to-night. I never saw such roads in my life; it has not rained since we left St. Joseph, which is the reason the grass is so late. Beck's team has entirely given out.

May 3. It rained last night and is tolerably cool this morning. John Wilson and I went hunting, saw fourteen antelopes and two deer; got two shots, wounded one very badly, but got none. Our team is doing well, is as good as when we left home, and is the best on the road. Yesterday we saw five men going back home, and they told us we would soon see the elephant's tail; that is what turned them back.

May 4. Still here on Sandy creek. Four of us and the old stag went buffalo hunting to-day, found none, but killed five wolves. Had a big frost this morning, but a beautiful day. We are going to start the 6th for good, grass or no grass. May 5. This is Sunday, a cold day and blustery evening.

May 6. We left our camping ground late this morning; left Henderson's, Beck's and Palmyra wagons on the ground; our wagons and Wilson's rolled out. They would not start because there was no grass. All parted in good friendship. We came seven miles and crossed a little creek; good camping ground there, and good grass. Six in company to-night; distance ten miles.

May 7. Had good grass last night and fine rain too. Traveled three miles this morning before we came to the road; eight miles and we crossed the Northeast Fork

of Big Sandy; seven miles brought us to the North Fork of Big Sandy. Here we camped; not much grass to-night. Our oxen got away about dusk and we hunted until one hour in the night, and found them three miles from camp. Distance fifteen miles.

May 8. We traveled two miles this morning and crossed the West Fork of Big Sandy, and five miles brought us to Little Blue bottom. Traveled up Blue river six miles and camped; put up at 2 o'clock, distance thirteen miles. Crossed our teams over the river; good grass to-night. Blue river runs southeast. There is no more grass on the plains now than there was on the prairies when I left home, and only in the bottoms in patches. Blue river is about twenty steps wide, not much timber on it, nor many other streams here. I saw two buffaloes that had been killed, but they were poor.

May 9. We are still following up Little Blue bottom. We came twelve miles and then the road leaves the bottom; came one mile on the ridge, turned off to the left one-half mile and camped on the river; good grass to-night; distance to-day thirteen miles. It takes three men all the time to find grass and then we have to do without

sometimes. I have seen nine dead horses and one mule, but no oxen.

May 10. We traveled eight miles and came into the bottom again; traveled ten miles and camped. All the way up this bottom is sand and gravel; the road is getting dusty; not much grass to-night; distance eighteen miles. Is supper ready, boys? Yes.

May 11. We traveled ten miles, then the road left the river; traveled four miles and turned off to the left one and one-half miles to the river, where there was plenty of grass; distance fourteen miles. This is Saturday; we all washed and shaved this evening, and are in fine spirits. There are three wagons and twelve men in company.

May 12. We rested and observed Sunday. Had good grass to-day.

May 13. We traveled six miles and crossed a creek; eight miles to a branch, without wood in sight; one mile to a big pond; came six miles, stopped and got supper and grazed, but had no water; had to go to Platte river six miles. We got there at 8 o'clock in the night; not much grass. Distance twenty-six miles.

May 14. Traveled up the river four miles, stopped and crossed our teams over one slough of Platte to Grand Island; it

was two hundred yards wide and two feet deep. Stayed there until 3 o'clock, then traveled three miles up the Platte river and camped on its bank; distance seven miles. We have to burn willows about the size of a riding switch.

May 15. We came seven miles, passed Fort Kearney at 11 o'clock, came two miles and nooned, then traveled nine miles and camped on the bank of Platte river. No wood to-night, but good grass. The river is one mile wide here. Platte bottom is very level, sandy soil and about four miles wide. Distance to-day eighteen miles. I make it two hundred and ninety-five miles from St. Joseph to Fort Kearney, but it has been surveyed and the survey makes it three hundred and one miles.

May 16. We traveled close up the bank of Platte river on a pure bed of sand; found a little wood this evening and had good grass to-day. Fifteen miles. Camped about 3 o'clock because we got no grass at noon. It is tolerably warm now.

May 17. Traveled four miles, came to grass all over the bottom; stopped and grazed. Came sixteen miles to Plum creek; little wood and water; traveled three miles and went to the river on the right and got wood and water; went one-half mile

to the left toward the bluff and camped. It has the appearance of rain this evening. Distance thirteen miles. Plum Creek is thirty-six miles from Fort Kearney. We saw two buffaloes to-day, the first live ones.

May 18. We are still following up the Platte bottom. Came to the bank of the river twice to-day. Passed five or six wells dug last year on the side of the river, good water in them. Third time we came to the river we camped. Plenty of wood and water; distance to-day twenty miles.

May 19. We traveled up the bank of the river eight miles, no wood to be had; ten miles the road came in one-half mile of the river again, where we camped on a slough. Slim grass to-day; distance eighteen miles. It is raining this evening and it is very agreeable.

May 20. We started late and traveled two miles, came to the river one-quarter mile from the road; traveled nine miles farther and the road came to the river. There was plenty of wood and we camped. Had to use buffalo chips for the first time. It did not rain enough to lay the dust last night. Distance to-day eleven miles; we camped opposite Bradley's island.

May 21. We came three miles and crossed a small creek with wood and water,

good encampment; three miles farther there is a small stream with wood but no water; one mile farther and we nooned; left the road one-half mile and went to the river for wood and water; have laid in wood for to-night; the road leaves the river and keeps close to the bluff. We came eleven miles and turned off to the right one and one-half miles and found a creek with good running water, and as good a spring as ever ran out of the earth. The bottom is about five miles wide here; the Platte river bluffs are a curiosity. We saw plenty of prairie dogs to-day and killed one. Camped to-night above the fork of Platte river. Distance to-day eighteen miles.

May 22. We traveled five miles and struck on the bluff; four miles on the bluff and the buffaloes commenced running across the road; all the teams stopped, and three or four hundred ran across the road in an hour; about twenty-five were killed. Simon killed one, John Wilson killed one; they were on the horses; the rest of us wounded some, but did not get them. Traveled four miles and came into the bottom again, and there we nooned; plenty of water three hundred yards to the right. We came two miles and turned up the bluffs to the left, traveled up the bluffs five miles,

turned down the bluff to the river and camped on a slough; there was wood and water. Distance to-day twenty miles.

May 23. Traveled up the bottom two miles, then traveled right along the bluffs all day, passed some sand hills. The bottom is four miles wide; found plenty of water all along the road in sloughs. There is no timber in sight to-night. Distance twenty-two miles.

May 24. Have been traveling over sand for three days. It is very warm and has been for the last ten days. We are still traveling up the South Fork of Platte river; good water and grass to-night; no timber in sight, but some willows on the islands. We use buffalo chips. Distance twenty miles.

May 25. We came one mile and crossed the South Fork of Platte river; this is the upper crossing, the best road. It is one hundred and eighty-eight miles from Fort Kearney to this point. When we crossed Platte river we turned due north, went up on the bluff, traveled across the bluffs fifteen miles and came to Ash creek. This was the worst hill to come down I ever saw. Came down the bed of the creek five miles to the North Fork of Platte river; no grass. Rested one hour and went four miles up the

bottom and camped. Laid in wood at Ash creek, not much grass to-night. Had a wind storm this evening, lasted one-half hour. Distance twenty-five miles.

May 26. We came up the bottom three miles and stopped to graze. We cut our wagons off behind, cut off two feet, coupled the wheels up within eight inches of one another, and let the bows down eight inches. Made John Wilson's wagon over, too. About 11 o'clock Wesley Maiden took the cramp colic, or something else worse; we got a doctor in twenty minutes, and he got easy in about one and one-half hours; doctor's bill \$1.00. It rained a little this evening. Distance three miles.

May 27. We came ten miles over a pure bed of sand from two to six inches deep. One mile brought us to about one hundred Indian wigwams, about one thousand Indians all very friendly, and they had about one thousand horses. Came three miles farther and nooned. Thomas Henderson overtook us. Had a tolerably good road this evening. Traveled up the bank of the river all day, no timber in sight only some pines about six miles off to the left. Had a fine rain last night, and it is very cold to-day. Distance twenty miles.

May 28. We had a white frost this

morning. Came ten miles; crossed a small creek one mile and nooned there. Moses Beck and Sam Hays divided their outfit and Hays went with the gambling wagon. We came ten miles and crossed a small river, came on one mile and camped. Four wagons and seventeen men in company. We camped opposite the Court House rock; it has been pleasant all day, but blew up cold this evening and rained a little. Good roads to-day; distance twenty-two miles.

May 29. We traveled ten miles, stopped to noon; our oxen ran into some kind of flies and they acted like hornets were after them, so we yoked up and started; came three miles to opposite the Chimney rock; it looked like it was one-half mile from the road, but it was three miles away, and the Court House rock was five miles from the road. The Chimney rock is a curiosity. It is two hundred feet high to the stem, and the stem is seventy-five feet high and about fifteen feet through. The rock is cemented sand and can be seen twenty-five miles away. We came seven miles farther, stopped again and grazed; good grass and river water. Our fuel has been buffalo chips ever since we left Ash creek. The river is rising very fast to-day. We came to the river bank two or three times to-day and

sometimes we traveled right up the bank. We stopped here two hours by sun, got supper, yoked up and started a half-hour by sun and traveled until daylight went down and camped for the night. Distance to-day twenty-five miles.

May 30. We came two miles and turned off to the left over a hill. Here the road left the river and after traveling eight miles came into the bottom between Scott's bluffs. The bluffs on the left hand side of the road are covered with cedar groves; came up the bottom six miles and found the mouth of a spring branch; came two miles farther to a trading house and a blacksmith shop kept by a Pueblo and a white man. Here we came to where the bluffs come together. There are two springs in the head of this hollow to the right of the road one-quarter mile. The hollow is green with cedar timber, some two feet through. We came two miles farther over the bluffs into the bottom; good grass and a spring on the left hand one-half mile from the road. It runs out of the bank just like drawing water out of a barrel. Distance twenty miles. Wesley Maiden found a five dollar gold piece to-day, lying in the road. We laid in wood at the cedar hollows. This is

the first wood we have had since leaving Ash creek.

May 31. Traveled two miles and came to a spring branch, in which there was running water. Came eight miles to Horse creek, crossed three miles above where it ran into the river, no timber here. Came on one mile and nooned; there were some flies and the cattle ran like deer. We came four miles and climbed the bluffs again, and here we struck the sand. Came six miles over the hills to the bottom again; came up the bottom two miles and camped, good grass. The river is three-fourths mile from the road; there is timber in sight up the river, but we had wood fetched from Scott's bluffs. We measured the road to-day with the wagon wheel. Started at 5:30 o'clock in the morning, traveled until 5 o'clock in the evening, grazed one and one-half hours at noon. Our wheel is fifteen and one-half feet around, and it rolled over seventy-eight hundred times, which makes twenty-three miles, lacking one hundred and eighty yards. We sold one of our fiddles to-day for \$5.00 in gold.

June 1. We came one mile and there the bluffs came to the river, just room for the road; one mile farther to another trading house; came five miles in the bottom,

and there the road turned on the bluff. When we got on the bluffs I saw the Laramie mountains which are one hundred and twenty-five miles away. Traveled thirteen and one-half miles and came to Laramie river, one and one-half miles from the Fort; here we camped about one and one-half hours by sun. At 1 o'clock to-day we had a hail storm, the hail stones being about the size of partridge eggs. Distance to-day twenty and one-half miles on the bluffs. Spruce pine timber here, the first I have seen.

June 2. We crossed Laramie river at the lower ford, one-quarter mile above where it enters into the Platte; it is fifty yards wide and two and one-half feet deep, and is very rapid. We came one and one-half miles up Laramie river in the bottom to the Fort; it is a beautiful town and situation. It is three hundred and forty-seven miles from Fort Kearney to Fort Laramie. Here we turned to the right and went across the hill one and one-half miles to Platte river, found plenty of wood. The river here is about two hundred yards wide and very deep. Came four miles, took the bluff near Sandy, came two miles, then into the bottom; came up the bottom five miles, and there turned on the bluffs; came one

and one-half miles over almost mountains, then into a broad hollow. The Mormon trail goes up that way to the left; we took the right, straight up the hill, and after traveling over the hill one mile we came into the bottom between the two bluffs. At this point there is a stone house built to burn lime in; three hundred yards more and there is a hollow; two hundred and forty yards to the right is a good spring of water and three large trees right at the spring; we came two hundred yards and camped, good grass to the right of the road in the first hollow. In this bottom there is a quantity of wild sage, the mountains are covered with cedar and spruce pine. Plenty of wood, water and grass, plenty to eat and we are "in town;" all are well. Distance sixteen and three-fourths miles today. When we passed Fort Laramie this morning, immigrants had passed as follows: Men, 9,221; women, seventy-seven; children, forty-six; wagons, 2,588; horses, 9,210; mules, 2,961; oxen, 1,779; cows, one hundred.

June 3. We came over a big ridge and when on top of the ridge we could see a range of mountains to the left which I suppose to be the spurs to the Rocky mountains. Came five miles to Bitter Cot-

tonwood river, which heads up in the mountains. There was no water where we crossed it, but one-quarter mile below the water rises and there was plenty, and the bottom was covered with large bitter cottonwood timber. Came two miles to a small creek with steep banks, plenty of timber and some water. Five miles farther was another creek, no water except spring water; one hundred yards above the road is a good spring; came down the creek three-quarters of a mile into Platte river bottom, there it commenced raining. We stopped our teams and it rained very hard for one hour, then slacked up and we came three-quarters of a mile to another small creek, went up it two hundred yards farther and camped for the day. There is wood and grass at any point to-day. Our road has been almost mountainous, but it is hard and smooth. Distance thirteen and one-half miles.

June 4. We came one-half mile and crossed a large dry creek; one-quarter of a mile farther there are some willows in a flat; to the right, two hundred yards above them, is a good spring one hundred yards from the road; two and one-half miles down a long slant brought us to a creek, a beautiful stream and a good encampment. One

and one-half miles over a ridge brought us to a small creek, no water; a big cottonwood tree stands right at the ford, no other timber near. Five miles brought us to the banks of Platte river again, no wood there; one and one-half miles brought us to plenty of wood on the banks of Platte river. Here the river runs out of the mountains; the walls are two hundred feet high, perpendicular on each side, and the gap it runs through is about fifty yards wide; it runs through for two miles, and where it comes out the bed of the river is one-quarter mile wide, and it is dry. One and one-half miles farther brought us to the bottom, and we could see where the river ran into the mountains; four miles in the bottom and there the river and bluffs almost meet; there is plenty of wood. One and one-half miles farther we turned up the bluff; went three miles due south, plenty of wood and water and grass to the left of the road under the first bluff; here we camped. Distance to-day twenty-two miles.

June 5. We came seven miles on the ridge between two creeks; here the second Mormon road came in; came three miles down hill, and some places tolerably steep; came down a dry creek bed over sand to a big timbered creek, a beautiful stream twen-

ty-five steps wide and one foot deep, running very rapidly; crossed the creek to a beautiful bottom and thick timber; it looked like the creek bottom in old Pike. There we nooned. Came two miles down the bottom to good grass and a good camping place; came up a slough one mile and crossed it, turned to the right, traveled one mile to a steep hill and ridge of rock to the left that is a curiosity; came one mile to Marble creek, plenty of wood and water; here we struck the Red Hills. We turned our wagon over, crossing the creek, but nothing was hurt or damaged; came two miles over the Red Hills and camped; good grass, but no water. Simon and John Wilson came in from hunting since we camped with the hams of a mountain goat and those of a black tail deer. I saw plenty of snow to-day on the north side of Laramie mountains. The Red Hills are the worst roads we have come to yet. It is interesting to any man to travel here. Distance eighteen miles.

June 6. We came two miles past the Red Hills, a bad and rocky road; six miles brought us to Mike Head creek. Fifty yards above the road in a grove of willows is a good spring. Where we crossed the forks are close together; came down it two miles

no grass; turned to the left, went over a high ridge one mile to Mike Head river and nooned, plenty of wood and tolerable grass. This river is eighteen inches deep, ten steps wide and good encampment; came three and one-half miles to a dry creek, plenty of wood, and a spring fifty yards above the road; one mile over a ridge to another dry creek, some wood; one-quarter mile farther is a branch with plenty of running water which is very warm, I suppose it is a warm spring that supports it. I took a drink out of it. Three-fourths mile brought us to the Vochaboy river, a flush stream, good encampment. There we laid in wood and water, came two miles over the hill in sight of the Platte river once more and camped; good grass. Distance twenty-one miles. We had some rocky, hilly roads with lots of bad bottom to-day, which wore our cattle's feet very badly. A range of mountains were on our left all day, with groves of cedar on them.

June 7. We came two miles to the river bank once more, then up the bottom to Deer creek. This is a large stream and rapid, two feet deep, fifteen steps wide and the valley is covered with timber; passed good grass. Came eleven miles to Cricket creek, a little muddy stream, steep banks;

came six miles to Willow creek and camped ; plenty of wood and water, not much grass. Have passed little grass since we crossed. Deer creek. Distance twenty-three miles to-day; came up Platte river bottom all day. We had some fine fun this morning after an old bear and three cubs. Myself and John Wilson took the horses and went after the old one. She made pretensions for battle, and I shot and wounded her. She broke for the river and we after her. We had a long, steep hill to run down and she beat us to the river and got across. We came up and John shot and hit her, but she got away. The other boys got the cubs and we had bear meat for dinner. This has been the warmest day yet, but it is not as warm as it is in old Pike by a long ways. Plenty of snow in sight all day and some in sixty-five miles of us to-night. The country on the north side of the river has gotten more level, but there are hills and mountains on this side.

June 8. We came two miles and crossed a deep wash; came two miles farther and crossed a spring branch, plenty of water, no wood; one mile to another branch and plenty of water. These branches are bad to cross. Came four miles to the ferry. Here are five ferry boats. We got here at

12 o'clock, camped and made a general wash day. This evening I bought forty-four pounds of crackers and gave \$8.00 for them. Distance thirteen miles. It is one hundred and twenty-five and three-fourths miles from Fort Laramie to the ferry on Platte river. We have followed up this river five hundred miles on the south side. Moses Beck is very sick this evening with the diarrhea.

June 9. We crossed the river this morning with some of our cattle. This is a dangerous business. Several men have been drowned, and I saw one drowned to-day. We have to strip off and follow the cattle half way across, and then you have to go all the way or swim against the current to get back. James Bradshaw and Thomas Brown went across with our cattle, and if Brown had had five yards farther to have gone he would have drowned. He could not stand when he got out of the river. It is one-quarter mile wide and a very swift current. They will not ferry cattle. We came two miles and Moses Beck got so bad we had to stop. Distance two miles.

June 10. We came ten miles to the Mineral spring, which is poison if the water is made muddy. There is a large pool of water on the left, right at the edge of the road.

We dipped up the water carefully and watered our cattle out of the buckets; came ten miles to a spring branch; the water is poison, being alkali, and it will kill anything that drinks it; three miles more to a spring branch which is good, but it is a little sulphury. Came two miles up the branch to the Wilson spring which is as good water as I ever drank; plenty of wood, but no grass. Here we camped; distance to-day twenty-five miles. All persons should be very cautious along here about water. You can tell by taking the mud out of the water and smelling of it whether it is poison or not. Use no standing water. There is no grass to-day at any point on the road, nor wood; the grasshoppers and crickets have destroyed it. We had a tolerably bad road and dusty. There is a great rush with the immigrants to-day. Some teams gave out by the time they got to the springs. Moses Beck is getting better.

June 11. We came four miles to some large, flat, marshy places; these places are very miry, and the water is very poisonous. Here the road turns down to the left two hundred yards and crosses the flat, then comes up the other side; the same distance down and at the lower end there is a good spring of water, and forty yards to the left

a branch of good water runs flush. Came six miles and struck the same branch; two miles farther and crossed a branch with good running water, nothing here but sand; came five miles to the Saleratus lake. The Saleratus springs are one mile above the road. This lake looks like it is covered with snow and the water is as poison as arsenic. Came three miles and turned to the left one-half mile to Sweet Water river. It is fifty yards wide and two feet deep. Here we camped; no wood, but plenty of grass. Across the river at the foot of the mountain is plenty of sage for wood. Distance twenty miles. Our road to-day has been tolerably level, but the last ten miles was all sand four inches deep, and made heavy pulling. This morning we start through the Rocky mountains. This is called the South Pass. The road is crowded with immigrants. All well and in fine spirits. We have not had any grass for two days until to-night, teams look bad.

June 12. We came one mile to the Independence rock; this is a small, (?) round rock, one mile in circumference and two hundred feet high. Came one mile to the crossing of Sweet Water river; went up the south side three miles, and here the road goes through a gap in the mountains and

comes to the river. Here to the right is what is called the Devil's Gate. The river runs through the mountains, the walls are four hundred feet perpendicular. Came one-half mile to a branch, then on one-half mile to a rapid little stream that was bad to cross; three miles to another branch bad to cross; four miles farther to an alkali branch with yellow, muddy water; two and one-half miles to the bank of the river, where there is a beautiful camping ground, but no wood except sage and grease wood, which is about the same. Here we camped, distance fifteen miles. We started late, had good roads all day, but the branches were very bad to cross. Sweet Water river is fifty yards wide and two and one-half feet deep; it runs close to the foot of the Rocky mountains. We followed up the river all day and passed over about two miles of alkali. Bottom grass is not very good and the horse teams have given up that the oxen are bound to beat them; some have left their wagons and are packing. Be cautious about the alkali water, especially in lakes and ponds. We were four miles from the Saleratus springs and they stunk worse than carion, almost knocked a man down, so you can guess whether they are poison or not.

June 13. We came twenty-two and one-half miles, crossed several branches and camped by the mountain. We came to the river several times to-day. There is not much grass, but plenty of pine and cedar wood on the side of the mountains. We have not seen much grass to-day, have had sand from two to four inches deep; the road and the country between the mountains is tolerably level; it is eight or ten miles between them. The Rocky mountains are on the north, the mountains on the south are not rocky, but covered with tall timber and snow; the river keeps up the side of the Rocky mountains and the road leads up the river where it can. All well to-night but Moses Beck, and he is about all right. It has been cold to-night. The wind is in the south, but comes from the snow close by. To-day I saw quite a number of dead oxen and horses that died from the effect of the alkali water.

June 14. We came fifteen and one-half miles to a big alkali lake; came along side of it one and one-half miles and crossed it, then came seven miles to a round, flat bottom, and here we camped. There is a spring to the left of the road one-half mile, but we are afraid to use the water. Many who camped here have used it and let their

stock drink it. Distance twenty-four miles to-day. We had tolerable roads, but in some places deep sand and in other places the road was hard and gravelly, which wore our oxen's feet very badly. We could see, this morning, mountains at a great distance before us covered with snow. This afternoon I drove the team and had to wear my overcoat and mittens, and nearly froze at that. It rained, hailed and snowed, and we had no wood except sage brush, and but little of that, and not much grass. Teams are bound to fail if grass is not better on ahead. I saw several oxen sick to-day from the effect of alkali water, and several dead in the road. Most all the immigrants seem to be in good spirits. Game tolerably plentiful here, such as mountain goat and sheep, antelope and bear. We have not seen the elephant yet. Nothing more to-day.

June 15. We came five miles to the river again, and crossed over. There is an island and we had two channels to cross, each being twenty steps wide and two and one-half feet deep; crossed about 8 o'clock, camped until 10 o'clock and started over the Rocky mountains. Traveled three and one-half miles over a high mountain to the river again. Came up the river one and one-half miles and crossed two sloughs.

Came four miles to a spring branch; the spring is three hundred yards to the right of the road and the water is good. We camped in the bottom, three hundred yards from the river, and there were plenty of willows to make fires. Distance fourteen miles to-day. We have had very gravelly roads to-day, and very mountainous. There are plenty of gooseberries and currants, but they are not quite ripe enough to make pies, and no wonder, I have worn my sleeve jacket and overcoat all day, and part of the day my mittens, and about 12 o'clock it did some snowing. This is a curiosity to me. There is not much grass here. Thomas Henderson is sick this evening, has a high fever, but the rest of us are well.

June 16. We came up the river one and one-half miles and left it, turning to the right up a hollow. We came six miles, climbing the Rocky mountains; there were three big ponds to the left of the road on top of the Rocky mountains which are poison; came one mile to a spring branch which is good water. One and one-half miles farther, twenty steps to the left of the road, is a good, running spring; this spring is at the top of the Rocky mountains. Came six and one-half miles, crossing several small creeks, to Sweet Water

creek; it is thirty feet wide and two feet deep, with steep banks on each side, under which the snow is six feet deep. Three miles farther brought us to Willow creek, which is twenty feet wide and sixteen inches deep. Here we camped, no grass, but plenty of water and wood. Distance eighteen and three-quarters miles. This morning was remarkably cold and held its own all day. We left water in the wash pans last night and there was thick ice in them this morning. We had very rough roads this morning, climbing the mountains. Be careful with your wagons here. This afternoon we had good roads, very hard and gravelly, and hard on our oxen's feet. The Wind River mountains are off to the right; they are high mountains and covered with snow, and have been in sight for three days. Thomas Henderson is getting better, but John Wilson is very sick this evening. All in good spirits.

June 17. We came five miles to Sweet Water river again and crossed it; it was twenty feet wide and two feet deep; here the snow was ten feet deep within ten feet of the road. Three miles farther brought us to a big pond three-quarters of a mile to the left of the road; four miles farther to the Twin mountains, the road passing be-

tween them; two and one-half miles brought us to what is called the top of the Rocky mountains. Here turned around the hill, came three miles to the South Pass springs on this side of the mountains; came down the spring branch one and one-half miles and crossed it; one-half mile farther we camped, not much grass, plenty of sage brush for wood, and good water. Distance nineteen miles. Had very good roads to-day; it commenced snowing about sunrise and snowed until 10 o'clock, then cleared off, but very cold all day. The immigrants nearly froze to-day. John Wilson is real sick yet, but Thomas Henderson has gotten well. I feel like I am going to be sick, it is rough enough to make any man sick. There are many taking sick; it is the mountain fever, caused by the cold, but has not proved to be dangerous yet.

June 18. We came eight and one-half miles to a small creek; if there is water here it is not fit to use. Six miles farther the Salt Lake road turned off; three miles farther to Little Sandy. This is a beautiful stream, five yards wide and eighteen inches deep, with a considerable growth of willows in the bottoms, but not much grass. Here we camped. Distance seventeen and one-half miles. We had fine roads to-day, but

grass is very scarce. Grundy Branstetter and I took the mountain fever last night. We take this fever with a chill, with aching of the limbs and head, and the fever lasts about twelve hours. All that is necessary is a dose of anti-billious pills. We camped to-night opposite the Wind River mountains; they look like the dead of winter. There was a white frost this morning; the boys brought up a bucket of water about sunrise and in ten minutes it was frozen over.

June 19. We came three miles where a road turned to the left, we kept the right; three miles farther brought us to the Big Sandy. This stream is thirty yards wide and eighteen inches deep. Here we stopped for the day. Two more of the boys took the fever last night, but the most of us have gotten about well. We start across one of the deserts in the morning, but there is no grass to cut, hardly enough to fill our cattle, distance six miles. There are many starting across the deserts this evening. We are all well but Simon, and are all in fine spirits. The boys are baking pies and frying sweet cakes, etc.

June 20. We started this morning at 6 o'clock, came seven miles; here was a little alkali water. Seventeen miles farther we

came to a river, and a little farther to another where we found first rate grass. We stopped two hours, then started and traveled until 12 o'clock in the night. June 21, started at sunrise and got to Green river at 9 o'clock in the morning; went down the river five miles to the lower ferry, crossed, and came seven miles to a creek, plenty of willows for wood, tolerable grass. Our ferry across Green river was \$7.00 per wagon. Distance in the last thirty-six hours sixty-five miles. From Fort Laramie to Green river is 366 1-2 miles. We had very good roads across the desert with the exception of two or three hills, tolerably level, no sand, but the dust from two to six inches deep. Our teams stood the drive very well. One of Wilson's steers gave out. If the weather is warm it is best to start in the evening. There is plenty of timber on Green river, but no grass. Green river is one hundred and fifty yards wide and from five to fifteen feet deep.

June 22. We came up the creek four miles and crossed; one mile farther and the road left the creek; came five miles to a small branch with good water, tolerable grass, no timber. Here we camped. Distance ten miles. It was very warm in the forenoon, but is cool this evening. Chancey

creek is twenty steps wide and two and one-half feet deep; it was tolerably high. We had good roads to-day, but very dusty.

June 23. We traveled fifteen and one-half miles, crossing several branches and passing two springs, one of which was the coldest water I ever drank. We have had mountainous roads to-day; had some heavy thunder this evening, and it rained enough to lay the dust: good grass, sage brush for wood.

June 24. We came one mile to a branch; three and one-half miles to the West Fork of Green river, which is twenty steps wide and three feet deep, no timber but willows; nine miles brought us to a spring branch and a grove of timber; three and one-half miles farther we passed through a grove of pine timber; three miles farther to where we camped. Here is a small creek of good water between two mountains. Distance twenty miles. We came over some of the highest mountains to-day we have ever come over; some of our road was good and some very bad and dangerous for wagons. There was good grass all day, and the best soil I ever saw. It was cool, and there was plenty of snow in our road. One mile after we came through the pine grove on top of the mountain I could see Bear river.

June 25. We came two miles over a mountain; five miles farther to a spring thirty steps to the right of the road; one and one-half miles to a small creek, where we came into Bear River bottom. Two miles to a lake one mile around; four miles to Thomas Fork of Bear river, crossed it, and three and one-half miles to the main river. Traveled one and one-half miles down the river in a broad bottom and camped. Distance twenty-one miles. Bear river is a rapid stream, one hundred yards wide and very deep. We crossed Thomas Fork at the upper ford. There are three channels, all three feet deep. Bear River bottom is five miles wide and grass in any quantity. All are well for the first time in more than a week, and are in fine spirits.

June 26. This morning after traveling three and one-half miles we came to a branch where we found the worst mud we have come through; two and one-half miles farther we left the river. Came one-half mile to a spring at the left hand side of the road with good looking water, but two of the boys took a drink and it made them sick for awhile; three and one-half miles around a large lake brought us to a small creek of beautiful water; one and one-half miles farther to the North Fork of Bear

river. It is a muddy stream, three feet deep and twenty-five feet wide. We came one mile down the river and took over the mountains. After traveling seven and one-half miles and crossing two small creeks, we came in sight of Bear river; four miles farther to the bank of the river, where we camped. Plenty of wood, water and grass; distance twenty-four miles. We traveled over some of the longest and steepest mountains this afternoon that we have come over yet. In all the ponds, lakes and sloughs the water is poison. In Bear River bottom do not let your stock drink any standing water. I saw ten dead steers today. There is an abundance of flax grass here in the bottoms, and some timber on the river. Game is scarce, Indians few and friendly. I have seen more grass in the last two days than has been on the road for the last three hundred miles. The weather is pleasant and all are well.

June 27. We left the river this morning and came five miles to a creek; five miles farther to a creek, one mile to another, and one-half mile to another; one-half mile to a branch, three miles to a creek, three miles to another and one mile farther, crossing two creeks; three miles farther, ten steps to the left of the road, is good water. Here

we camped; plenty of timber one-quarter mile to the left of the road down the hollow. Distance twenty-two miles to-day. We followed down Bear river all day, but not nearer than three miles of the river until we camped here in sight one-half mile off. Had fine roads to-day and plenty of grass; tolerably warm, but turned cold this evening and we had a thunder storm and a right smart rain. All well.

June 28. We came six miles through the mountains to a branch; nine miles farther to the Soda springs, which are to the left of the road; the branch runs down the side of the road. Came one mile and crossed a creek; one-half mile farther to the Boiling springs in a cedar grove; one-quarter mile farther, and three hundred yards to the left of the road on the bank of the river, is the Steamboat spring. We came three and one-quarter miles and camped; good grass, not much wood. Distance twenty miles. We had fine roads to-day, and tolerably cool. We had a hail storm to-day and it rained this evening. We followed down Bear river all day, and camped on it to-night. It is one mile from the road.

June 29. We came one mile this morning to where the roads fork; the Fort Hall road turns to the right up a broad valley

and the Sublet's cut-off keeps straight ahead; here we leave the river, which turns to the left and runs south. We came four miles to Soda Pop spring, which is ten feet away on the right side of the road; one mile farther to the left of the road bad water rises; one-fourth mile to a spring branch, the spring being one hundred and fifty yards above the road; three-quarters of a mile to a good spring ten steps to the left of the road; ten miles farther to a small creek; three miles farther to a creek, the water of which is poison when the mud is stirred up. Six of Henderson's and Wilson's steers got poisoned here. One and one-quarter miles to a branch; three-quarters of a mile to a creek; two miles farther to a large creek where we camped. Distance twenty-three miles. We traveled north to-day up a broad valley, had tolerable roads and plenty of grass. Most all of the immigrants that did not go by the Salt Lake road went by Sublet's cut-off, but we go the old road. Plenty of willows to make fires to-night. Soda Pop spring is in an elevated rock two feet wide, thirty-five feet long and from two to four feet deep. The water is not good. Simon is sick this evening. We are giving the sick oxen grease this even-

ing; if grease or vinegar does not cure them they die.

June 30. We came up the creek three and one-half miles and crossed it, it was three feet deep; one and one-half miles to a branch with plenty of timber; five miles farther brought us to the top of the dividing ridge that divides the waters of the Salt lake and the waters of the Columbia river. One mile to the foot of the ridge is a mountain spring twenty steps to the left of the road; we traveled down the spring branch nine miles and camped. Distance twenty miles. We had tolerable roads to-day and there is wood and water at any point. When on top of the dividing ridge we could see the Sierra Nevada mountains before us. None of the cattle died that were poisoned yesterday. The boys had a quarrel about it this morning and they will burst up when we get to Fort Hall. Wilson and Henderson are in one wagon, they left Henderson's wagon at Green river. The mosquitoes are the worst I ever saw this evening; good grass. Wild wheat is in full bloom, thick and tall in the valleys. All are well this evening; had a white frost this morning.

July 1. We came eight miles to the broad bottoms of Snake river, where we

leave the spring branch; came four miles and nooned without water; seven miles farther over sand to a creek, with a good spring on the west side of it. Here an Indian met us to pilot us over the deep water to Fort Hall. Snake river is very full, overflowing its banks, and there are some large sloughs to cross. One mile brought us to two creeks, bad crossings; one mile farther to a slough sixty yards across and four feet deep. It swam our smallest cattle, but we landed safely over. Three miles to the bank of Snake river, and one mile down the river to the Fort. We landed one hour by sun, and one-half mile farther, on the bank of a large bayou that makes around from the river, we camped. Distance twenty-five and one-half miles. The distance from Fort Laramie to Fort Hall is 567 miles. Fort Hall is a British Post, but there were no soldiers here. Two Scotchmen and their families live here, and they have a quantity of stock and are very clever men. The American Post is six miles above Fort Hall on the same river; they call it Camp Adventuring. We did not go there but could see it from the road. There is some timber along this river. We bought all the milk and butter we could get at the

Fort. The mosquitoes here can not be beaten in the world.

July 2. We started late this morning and came one and one-half miles to the lake we crossed yesterday evening; it is two and one-half feet deep. One mile to another lake, two miles to Rose's Fork of Snake river which is sixty yards wide and four feet deep here. We turned our wagon over just as we started in, but nothing was broken or damaged. It swam our cattle for twenty yards, and the water came up to the sideboards on the wagon beds. Here our sideboards were a great advantage, as we put everything on top of them. If this stream ran as rapidly as the streams in the mountains it would have been impossible to have forded it; we all landed safely. This is the first time I have been wet since I left home. We drove up the hill, stopped and sunned our things. Started at 2 o'clock, came eight miles to a small creek and camped; good grass, good water and plenty of sage for wood. Distance twelve and one-half miles. We had good roads to-day except the water crossing. Snake river is about one-quarter mile wide. The mosquitoes are so bad that we have to wear our coats and mittens, and I tied my handkerchief over my face. This is a tolerably

warm day, but not so warm as it is in the states.

July 3. We came seven miles to the river bottom. As you come down into the bottom, to the right, under the hill, is a spring. Four miles down the bottom brought us to the bank of the river; two miles down the river brought us to the falls, which are a curiosity. From here we traveled eleven miles and camped within one-half mile of the river in the bottom, where the road goes through a cliff of rock. Very good grass, distance twenty-four miles. We traveled down Snake river all day and camped on it. Road tolerably good, but dusty; got out of the mosquitoes to-night. At noon General ——— and old Thad Sanford overtook us and camped with us to-night. The Bowling Green company has all split up. We saw no timber on Snake river to-day except some scrubby cedars.

July 4. We came eight and one-half miles to where we left Snake river; then over a ridge six miles to Raft river and crossed it. It is a small stream thirty feet wide and two and one-half feet deep. Here the Oregon road turns to the left and leads up the hill out of the bottom. We came up the river bottom five miles and crossed it again. Came two miles up the river and

camped on its bank. Good grass and grease brush for wood. Distance twenty-one and one-half miles. Good roads to-day, but dusty. This is a very warm day.

July 5. We left the river and came ten miles up the bottom to the river again and crossed it. Here it had four and one-half feet of water and the banks are so muddy it was hard crossing, but we got over safely. The horse teams had to pull their wagons over by hand, the horses all miring and had to be driven across loose. Here we left Raft river, came ten miles to the West Fork and camped; good grass, plenty of wood and water; distance twenty miles. Good roads to-day, and we camped to-night right where the Myers' cut-off comes in. We came in with the teams that started in the cut-off when we took the old road. I got a correct account of this cut-off from a man that kept a journal. He says it is one hundred and thirty-five miles through there, and three places it is eighteen miles without water, but grass was tolerably good. It was over hills all the time, and two of the worst hills to come down that a wagon ever came over. I make it one hundred and forty-five miles by Fort Hall and the best of road, the farthest distance without water is eleven miles. There is not a stick of

timber on Raft river. The days are tolerably warm and the nights cool. In Raft River bottom there are hundreds of acres of wild wheat as thick as it can stand and as high as a man's head. It is just in full bloom and is the prettiest sight I have seen.

July 6. We came five miles and crossed the creek we camped on; then turned south and came up a valley five miles, crossing a spring branch, where we nooned one hundred and fifty yards above the road. This spring has the best of water. We came over a ridge five miles to a break in the broad valley, and we could see the immigrants on the far side of the valley on the Salt Lake road. We came six miles to where we start through the mountains, and camped; plenty of cedar timber and good grass, but no water. Distance twenty-one miles. We have the best looking teams on the road; horse and mule teams look very bad. The calculation of all the immigrants is to reach the gold diggings in twenty-five days from to-day, and that is our calculation. All well, fat and thriving.

July 7. We came six miles to where the Salt Lake road comes in, five miles farther to a creek in a valley where we nooned. We traveled twelve miles to Goose river and camped. Good water and grass, sage and

willow wood; distance twenty-three miles. This forenoon we had fine roads, but this afternoon they were as bad as we have ever passed over, some places very sidling, and great danger of turning over. I saw a company to-day that came by the Salt Lake road and they said they had to ferry Green river once, Bear river twice and Weber river twice. That makes five times they ferried, and four days they traveled over the worst road that a wagon ever ran over. They reached the fork of the road, with horse teams, four days before we got there, and we beat them to where the roads come together. I make it 380 miles by Fort Hall, and the Mormon guide makes it 385 miles by the Salt Lake road. All well; teams are fine and travel well. This is a cool day, I wore my overcoat.

July 8. We started late this morning, came sixteen miles, crossing several small branches, and camped on the bank of the river. We crossed our cattle over the river; good grass, plenty of wood. This was a cold morning, some frost. We followed up Goose river, which is a small stream, all day, and had fine roads.

July 9. We came one-half mile; here the river turns to the right and we left it, going up a branch one and one-half miles,

where the mountains close in so there is just room for the road and the branch; we came three miles and left it; came twelve miles over the hills, no water and no grass. That brought us into Thousand Spring valley, where there is a small branch of water, but no grass; we came seven miles down the valley to a large spring of good water, good grass and a little sage wood. Here we camped; distance twenty-four miles. We had some tolerably rough roads and some good. This is a cool day, heavy thunder and lightning this evening and a little rain. All well.

July 10. We came three miles to some warm springs; leaving the valley we came over a range of hills four miles to Cold Water Creek valley, came up the valley seven miles and nooned; we came up the valley ten miles, passing a number of springs, and came to the hot springs, a little above which are good, cold springs. Here we camped, good grass, and wood within three hundred yards. Distance twenty-four miles. We had the best of roads to-day, grass has not been very good along the road, but plenty of water. The days are cool and there was plenty of frost last night. There is a great cry for provisions along here, flour and sugar are worth \$1.00

per pound, and other things accordingly. We have enough if no accident happens.

July 11. We traveled six miles to the head of the Thousand Spring valley; three miles to the top of the mountain, two miles to the foot of the mountain, and in the valley, one hundred and fifty yards to the right of the road, is a good spring; four miles farther across a rise of ground to the head of a narrow valley is a good spring. Two miles down the valley we took over a rise of ground, leaving the valley to the left and came five miles. Here the road forks, take the left. Three miles to the valley we just left, one mile down the valley is a good spring at the edge of the road, and good grass; here we camped at dark. Distance twenty-six miles. Roads to-day were good, but very dusty, and disagreeable driving. Grass has been very good. Dead horses and mules are as plentiful here as dead steers were on the river. All are well and in fine spirits.

July 12. We started this morning at 5 o'clock and came one mile down the valley, and the other road came into ours. Here the road leaves the valley and turns to the right over a rise of ground. Eight and one-half miles and we came to the East Fork of Humboldt or Mary's river. Nine miles

farther we came to the North Fork of Mary's river, and crossed it and two sloughs, very bad crossing. We came two miles down the sloughs under the hill and camped. We had to cross our cattle over the slough to get grass, and it was very miry and dangerous to cross. Good grass to-night and has been all day, and the best of roads. Distance twenty and one-half miles. It is 222 miles from Fort Hall to Mary's river. Grass is good here and in any quantity. The bottom is from two to five miles wide, the best of roads and the dust shoe-mouth deep. There is no timber on this river, but plenty of sage brush and willows for wood. A horse was stolen to-day at noon by two Indians and they were not caught.

July 13. We traveled down the river all day and never crossed a slough; a better road a wagon never ran over. The best of grass, but hard to get to, on account of the sloughs that run all over the bottom. It was very dusty; distance twenty miles. This has been the warmest day we have had; I had to take out my handkerchief and wipe off the sweat for the first time this summer. We passed a grave to-day. The man was shot with an arrow, while on guard, by an Indian. He lived two days

after he was shot. We are all well to-night.

July 14. We came one-half mile and crossed a large creek, just before the junction with Mary's river. Here the river runs through the mountains. We traveled ten and one-half miles over hills and valleys and stopped for noon on the bank of the river. We came on eleven miles down the bottom to a camp; had no grass except wild wheat. The sloughs are so miry that we could not get near the river. Distance twenty-three miles. Mary's river at this point is fifty yards wide and ten feet deep. All are well.

July 15. We came eight miles to where the road forks, one leading down the bottom to the left and across the river. This would probably be the best road late in the season, but the river is high now. We took the right hand road over the mountains and came ten miles to a small creek; came two miles down it and camped. Plenty of wood, water and grass, and currants to make pies. Distance twenty miles. We had good roads to-day and very dusty; the weather is getting very warm. The Indians undertook to steal mules this morning about day-break, and the guard shot, but did not kill them. They were tracked for half a mile by the blood. This happen-

ed in one-half mile of our camp; we heard the guns fired. The immigrants made up a company of one hundred and fifty men to go to-night to take their town and kill them. They steal horses every night; these are the Digger Indians. We are all well and made some currant tarts for supper. We live out here like we were at home, instead of like the prowling beast of the forest. The immigrants are generally very civil and accommodating, instead of being like savages.

July 16. This morning we came one mile down the creek and crossed at a very bad crossing. Two miles farther brought us to another branch of the river, which we crossed at a new ford and made a cut-off of some three miles, it being some five miles around and only two miles across. The road is very good and the crossings are not bad. After intersecting the old road again we traveled nine miles and came to some very good springs, which we were glad to see, for our road to-day was over the mountains and this was the first water we had found since leaving camp. Eleven miles down the canyon brought us to the river again, where we camped; no grass, unless you swim your stock across the river. The weather is warm and the roads very dusty.

The ascent and descent are very gradual on the mountains. Distance to-day twenty-five miles.

July 17. This morning we again took up the line of march, leaving the river and taking up the bluff south on account of the sloughs along the river being so very difficult to cross. The ascent of the mountain was very gradual, and one and one-half miles brought us to the top of the hill. A gradual descent of three and one-half miles brought us to the bottom again, and four miles more brought us to the river where we watered and grazed, also took dinner. Twelve miles brought us opposite a slough, to which we had to drive to camp; this slough is between the road and the river, to the left three miles. Good roads this afternoon, but very dusty. Distance to-day twenty-one miles.

July 18. After driving four miles we came to bluffs, where we crossed a creek of fresh, running water. Seven miles brought us to a slough near the road, good grass, water not very good. Seven miles to the banks of the river again; grass good, roads a little rough and stony. Here we left the river and traveled six miles up the bottom through the worst saleratus ground we have had for some time, some very poison-

ous lakes near the road. In coming the last six miles we crossed one small creek of good water four miles from the river. Distance to-day twenty-four miles.

July 19. Drove four miles to the river, watered our stock and took a nice keg of water. Then we left the river for seventeen miles, traveling over a dusty road without water or grass, and when we came to the river we could get no grass without swimming it and cutting the grass and rafting it over. Rested awhile, then drove over a second bottom or bluff three miles and camped. Distance to-day twenty-four miles.

July 20. At 8 o'clock this morning we were on the line again. Seven miles brought us to the river, where we found good grass and water. We rested until about an hour before sunset, then hitched up and drove two and one-half miles, where we found many roads leading off in different directions. After passing two or three of these roads which turned to the right, we took a very plain right hand road, which took us eight miles out of our way, and finding that we were lost we camped. Good grass, but no water. Distance on the right road nine miles, and on the wrong road eight miles, making seventeen miles.

July 21. After arising and taking a peep at the surrounding country we concluded to turn to the left down the valley, and after driving six miles we struck the old road in five miles of where we left it yesterday evening. This wild goose chase was on what is called the Lassers route to the upper settlements of California. We only gained two and one-half miles in our last night's and this morning's drive. After we struck the road five miles brought us to the bank of the river again, where we watered our stock, then drove two and one-half miles and took dinner on the river. We left the river this afternoon and drove around a mountain, coming to the river again in six miles; one mile down the river and camped. Distance on the road seventeen miles and off the road five miles.

July 22. Drove eight miles down the river and finding the grass getting rather thin we decided to stop and take in some grass for our stock. After this we drove five miles to the bank of the river, then five and one half miles over a deep slough and around the point of a mountain, coming to the river again. Here the river runs out in many sloughs, and I think a great portion of the water sinks. Distance to-day eighteen and one-half miles.

July 23. Our road to-day is rather toward the south along the river, with good watering places, but grass very scarce without swimming the river and mowing. After traveling four miles the road became very sandy, which lasted all evening, except now and then when we touched the bottom for a few hundred yards the road was tolerably good. Ten miles brought us to camp on the river without grass. Distance fourteen miles. Our team to-day seemed to be very much fatigued and we decided to not drive as far as usual.

July 24. Our road is along the river bank in sand from six inches to a foot deep pretty much all the way; watering places convenient. Ten miles brought us to where we took dinner without any grass on either side of the river. We left the river again for twelve miles, road tolerably good, no grass on the road or river. Camped on the river, the only feed for our stock this evening being to cut young willows, which they ate very heartily. Distance twenty-two miles.

July 25. After traveling six miles we came to a crossing on the river where we stopped and drove our cattle across, grass tolerably good. At 2 o'clock we started, drove twelve miles and camped on the riv-

er. Our road was good but very dusty. Our only feed is willow brush. Plenty of sage and grease wood for fuel. Distance to-day eighteen miles.

July 26. We left the river, and after traveling eight miles came to it again, where we watered and fed our stock again on willow brush. After dinner we drove seven miles and camped on the river again. We swam our stock across the river and drove them three miles to the mountains for grass, but it was not very good. Distance to-day fifteen miles.

July 17. Drove eight miles and took dinner on the river, our only feed for stock being willow brush; fuel, sage brush. At 2 o'clock we drove out from camp six miles to the river and watered; drove seven miles off from the river and camped without grass or water; road good, but dust very bad. Distance to-day twenty-one miles.

July 28. Three miles brought us to a small creek where we found an excellent spring, and took breakfast; no feed of any kind. We drove eight miles to the Great Meadow and slough. Here we camped for the day with thousands of acres of the best of grass and water. Distance eleven miles.

July 29. This afternoon we drove nine miles over very good road and took supper.

No water or grass on the road, but four or five miles off to the left it is plentiful, for the meadow extends pretty well to the sink. After supper we drove ten miles and camped without wood, water or grass. Distance to-day nineteen miles.

July 30. Six miles brought us to the great lake or sink in the river. Here we camped and remained until 2 o'clock, then started for the desert, and after driving ten miles stopped and took supper. When we started we thought we were at the sink, but after traveling the first five miles we came to the crossing of the river, the water being about eighteen inches deep. I doubt if the river has any sink. At 8 o'clock we started again, drove eight miles and camped for the night; road very good except one mile that was sandy. Here we saw many teams that had about given out, and a great destruction of property. Distance twenty-four miles.

July 31. At sunrise we started and drove eight miles over tolerably good roads, except a little sandy now and then, and stopped for breakfast. Then we drove four miles and laid by until 2 o'clock; then left, bound for the river. After traveling four miles we struck the sand, which in many places we found to be six inches deep.

Eight miles farther brought us to the Salmon or Trout river. Nearly all of this distance is a bed of sand, except a few hundred yards in different places. After reaching the river, which is about as large as Bear river, we had to swim our stock over before we could get grass, but by so doing we found the best of grass. We got to the river at sundown. Distance to-day twenty-four miles. Distance from the last slough of Mary's river across the desert to Salmon, Trout or Pilot river, is forty-three miles, and not any more, either.

August 1. Rested our stock and traveled none at all.

August 2. To-day we drove eight miles up the river and camped for the night; road very good, plenty of good wood, water and grass. The timber is principally cottonwood and willows which grow all along the river. This little stream of clear water is about forty yards wide and from three to five feet deep.

August 4. We left the river to our right and steered across the desert; after driving eight miles we found the road very sandy and rocky. Five miles over this kind of road brought us to where it was very hard and firm for about four miles, then struck the sand again which continued for about

eight miles, until we got to the river again. This is what is called the twenty-six mile road of Salmon river.

August 6. We left the river and went around a very high mountain. After traveling six miles came to the river again; up the river two miles and took dinner; twelve miles up the valley after dinner and camped near the bluffs; plenty of good pine wood, water and grass. We have found plenty of provisions for sale the last eighty or ninety miles. Distance twenty miles.

August 7. Our road to-day is up the river valley, plenty of good wood, water and grass. After driving one and one-half miles we came to the warm springs; they are very numerous and form quite a large lake that is full of rushes. Traveled eleven miles more and took dinner, road very good. After dinner we left the bottom and traveled over very rough and sandy roads, and camped on the river at the mouth of the Big Canyon: grass, water and wood good. Here the mountains are covered with lofty pines and cedars. Distance to-day eighteen miles.

August 8. Up the river we came for six miles with road so bad it is indescribable. After leaving the canyon we came to a narrow valley with very little grass. This

is on one fork of Salmon river. After dinner drove seven miles up the creek and camped near the head of it. Grass good. Here the mountains are covered with the finest of pine and cedar timber. Snow on the mountains is very deep and the weather cool. Distance to-day thirteen miles.

August 9. After driving one mile this morning we came to a small lake at the foot of the mountains; then drove one-half mile up the steepest and roughest road that I ever saw in my life to the top of the mountain. Thence down a canyon on a large branch four and one-half miles to a large lake, road very rough; here we took dinner. Another mountain was before us this afternoon, which we ascended three miles and camped; road very rough and steep; good grass; wood and water. Crossing these mountains is about what I would call the second sight of the elephant. The road is so rough that I shall not make any pretensions to describing it. Distance to-day nine miles.

August 10. Climbing the mountains this morning one and one-half miles over snow and ice from one to twenty feet deep brought us to the summit; this is the loftiest peak of the Sierra Nevada mountains that we have traveled over. The road is

now descending and through heavy timber; also very rough, some few mountains to climb, but not so bad as some we have passed over. Plenty of good water all along, but no grass. Thirteen and one-half miles to our encampment, not much grass. Distance fifteen miles.

August 11. We came eight miles over some rough road to Beak Spring valley. Here we camped, good grass and water, and timber in abundance.

August 12. We traveled twelve miles and nooned on a branch without grass. Six miles farther brought us to some springs at the left of the road; here we camped. Road rough; distance eighteen miles.

August 13. Came nine miles and nooned, found a little grass to the left of the road in a deep hollow; four miles farther to the forks of the road, the left leading to Hangtown, the right to Weavertown; three miles farther on the Weavertown road we camped. Distance eighteen miles.

August 14. Three miles brought us to Pleasant valley, down this valley ten miles to Weavertown; good roads, plenty of water. We camped in the village three hours by sun, and paid fifteen cents a pound for hay for the cattle. Distance to-day thirteen miles.

August 15. We started this morning for the White Oak springs, came fifteen miles and got there, and here we found some old Pike folks. John Hawkins gave us a hot supper and set out his brandy bottle. This made me feel like I was in old Pike.

August 16. This morning we came down to Weavertown and stuck the old tent for good. So ends our long and tedious journey, and so ends my journal.

The entire distance traveled was 2,091 miles.

PETER L. BRANSTETTER.

From Pike county, Missouri.

WORK IN THE MINES.

August 19, 1850, we began working in the gold mines, and our weekly output was as follows:

First week,	-	-	-	\$ 34.00
Second week,	-	-	-	166.00
Third week,	-	-	-	142.00
Fourth week,	-	-	-	114.40
Fifth week,	-	-	-	81.30
Sixth week,	-	-	-	108.00
Seventh week,	-	-	-	222.50
Eighth week,	-	-	-	180.00
Ninth week,	-	-	-	124.00
Tenth "	-	-	-	112.75
Eleventh week,	-	-	-	11.50

Twelfth week, - - -	\$ 57.00
Thirteenth week, - - -	74.50
Fourteenth " - - -	48.50
Fifteenth week, - - -	3.50
Sixteenth " - - -	10.00
Seventeenth week, - - -	00.00
Eighteenth week, - - -	161.00
Nineteenth " - - -	22.00
Twentieth week, - - -	78.80
Twenty-first week, - - -	125.00
Twenty-second week, - - -	96.00
Total, - - -	<u>\$1973.75</u>

Our expenses up to this time, January 19, 1851, were \$562.00.

January 19, 1851, Peter L. Branstetter, Adam J. Branstetter and Simon M. Branstetter commenced work by themselves.

To January 26, - - -	\$ 97.00
" February 2, - - -	67.50
" " 9, - - -	75.05
" " 16, - - -	46.00
" " 23, - - -	53.50
" March 2, - - -	55.50
" " 9, - - -	82.75
" " 16, - - -	55.60
" " 23, - - -	66.50
" " 30, - - -	125.60
" April 6, - - -	122.50
" " 13, all sick, - - -	88.15
" " 20, very rainy, - - -	34.90

TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

77

" April 27,	-	-	-	\$ 34.00
" May 4,	-	-	-	100.40
" " 11,	-	-	-	75.30
" " 18,	-	-	-	97.20
" " 25,	-	-	-	101.00
" June 1,	-	-	-	96.40
" " 8,	-	-	-	67.50
" " 15,	-	-	-	172.25
" " 22,	-	-	-	56.80
" " 26,	-	-	-	75.65
Total,	-	-	-	<u>\$1847.05</u>

This made a wind-up of our gold digging..

RETURN TRIP TO THE STATES.

Sacramento City, California.

May 6 and 7, 1851, Peter L. Branstetter & Brothers bought their outfit to return to the states:

Six mules,	-	-	-	\$555.00
Larriat, 16 1-2 lbs.,	-	-	-	4.80
Ducking to make packs, 14 yds.,				6.25
Two saddles,	-	-	-	16.00
Three pairs of spurs,	-	-	-	24.00
One saddle,	-	-	-	3.00
Two mule —, —,	-	-	-	3.00
Three packsaddles, one bridle,	-	-	-	14.00
One whip and mule —, —,	-	-	-	3.25
My expenses,	-	-	-	<u>\$ 14.51</u>
Total,	-	-	-	<u>\$642.61</u>

Bought in Sacramento City, May 20th, and 21st:

Provisions,	-	-	-	\$30.00
Shoeing two mules,	-	-	-	5.00
Tobacco,	-	-	-	9.00
Hauling up home,	-	-	-	9.20
Three cruppers,	-	-	-	5.25
Five pairs socks,	-	-	-	2.50
Percussion caps,	-	-	-	1.18
One larriat,	-	-	-	.38
Six scarfs,	-	-	-	6.00
Our expenses,	-	-	-	<u>12.70</u>
Total,	-	-	-	\$81.21

July 2, 1851, we started home from Weaver Creek, California, and camped July 6 at Mormon Station, having traveled in the five days 131 miles, and spent \$6.19.

July 7 and 8, eighty-one miles brought us within six miles of the desert, and July 9 we started across at 3 p. m., reaching the sink of the Humboldt river at daybreak, a distance of fifty-one miles.

July 10 and 11 made forty-two miles, our mules getting alkali water. Sunday, the 12th, rested.

July 13 to 21, traveled 291 miles, an average of thirty-two and one-half miles a day. Passed the grave of Edward Sisson on the 20th, and passed through the canyon on the head of Humboldt river.

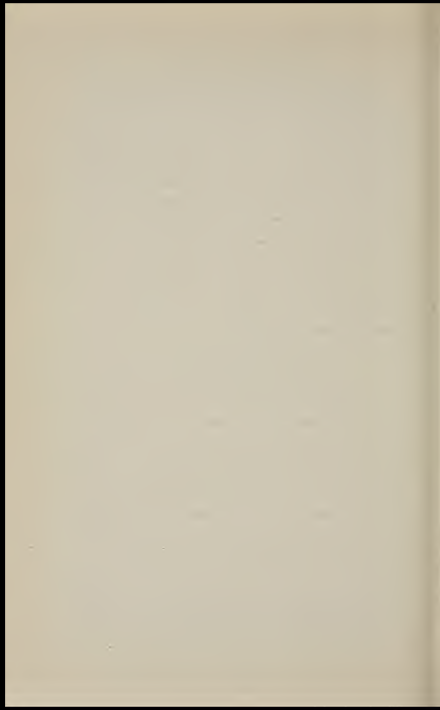
July 22, we bid farewell to Humboldt river and on the 23d, nooned in the Thousand Springs valley; on the 25th passed the Salt Lake road at noon and on the 26th passed Fort Hall road and camped on the cut-off, making 140 miles in the five days.

July 30, camped at Soda Springs on Bear river, August 1, crossed the North Fork of Bear river; the 2d crossed Thomas Fork and camped on the West Fork of Green river. Made 217 miles the last seven days.

August, 8 we crossed the Rocky mountains, the 10th camped four miles above Devil's Gate on Sweet Water, and the 11th left this river, camping on Platte river the 12th. Traveled 284 miles the last ten days.

Fort Laramie was passed on the 17th of August, Scott's bluff on the 19th, the Chimney and Court House rock on the 20th, and crossed South Platte river on the 24th. The last twelve days averaged twenty-six miles a day. We passed Plum creek on the 27th, Fort Kearney on the 28th, left Little Blue river August 31, and crossed the Big Blue river September 3. We reached the Missouri river September 7, at Weston, having traveled 422 miles the last fourteen days.

We arrived home September 14, 1851, completing the trip of 2,018 miles.



FARM DIARY.

ACCOUNT OF TIME FROM JANUARY 1, 1852,
TO APRIL 27, 1858.

Three weeks snow in January and very cold; February very beautiful, warm, dry weather; March 12th, finished my fence and ready to move to the prairie. The 16th I moved, the 29th commenced sowing oats and finished the first day of April. Commenced plowing for corn April 5th. It snowed to-day. April 16th stock could live on the grass; the 24th had a fine rain; 25th warm and grass growing; 28th and 29th planted corn. The 2d night in May came the heaviest rain I ever saw fall; my corn rotted and it kept wet until May 15, and then came another big rain. May 18 I commenced planting corn again, and it commenced raining at 12 o'clock May 21. The mornings of May 18 and 20 showed white frosts, the weather very cool at this time. The 29th I finished planting corn. The 30th commenced plowing my corn, the weather warm.

June 1, commenced breaking prairie; dry and warm. The 3d and 6th it rained. The 9th I finished breaking, cool for the season; the 12th I sowed some corn; the 13th very warm and dry; the 16th and 17th a fine rain, very warm; the 18th, 19th and 20th the flies very bad; the 23d a big rain and cool.

July 2, plowed my flax and the 3d cut wheat for Gourley; the 5th commenced my meadow; the 9th I finished cutting; very hot this week and corn grows fast; the 12th stacked my hay and the 13th commenced my oats; the 17th finished plowing my corn, dry and hot; the 20th finished my oats, and then put in five days cutting oats for Davis, weather very hot; the 24th a light rain; the 29th stacked my oats, awful hot and dry, a light rain the night of the 29th; the 30th sowed my turnips.

August 3, 4 and 5, made a wagon bed; the 6th and 7th made cords; the 10th commenced my well; the 14th it commenced raining, and the 21st I finished the well; the 22d went to Harmony; the 25th I commenced moving my house, and September 7, I finished; the 18th a good rain; the 22d sowed my wheat, six bushels; night of the 25th a frost; the 28th day cut my corn, fifty-eight shocks.

October 2, finished covering my house; the 3d rained hard all day; the 4th commenced my chimney, and finished it the 8th, it cost \$13.00; the 9th it rained; the 12th and 13th painted my house; the 14th and 15th laid the floor, the 21st I finished it off and moved in; the 22d sowed two bushels more of wheat and my California grass seed; the 24th put up my hogs, beautiful weather; the 28th commenced a pond and it rained.

November 3, I sold a mare for \$70.00; the 4th began moving my crib and stable; the 7th is a beautiful, clear day, for the first in two weeks; the 8th it rained again, another week's rain; the 12th I raised my crib and stable, and the night of the 15th there came a snow, cloudy, cold weather; the 19th I finished covering my crib; the 21st it rained, hailed and snowed all day, awful bad weather; the 24th went to the river and engaged my pork for \$4.60 and \$4.25; the 30th I commenced gathering corn.

December 1 and 2, gathered corn, very muddy; the 3d damp and misty; the 6th I drove my hogs to the river; the 7th there came a big snow, cloudy, dull weather; night of 11th snowed again, moderate winter weather; the 21st I started to St. Louis with a drove of hogs for Murray and landed

there January 5, 1853, and got home the 9th. The 11th a big rain fell, making it awful muddy. The 17th I commenced gathering corn and finished on the 19th; beautiful weather. The 21st went to the river for a load of furniture, 24th covered my stable, 28th hauled a stack of hay. The 31st warm and beautiful weather, and has been for two weeks past.

February 1, I husked corn. The 3d it snowed, and the 4th and 5th very cold. The 11th I went to the river, the 14th thrashed my oats, night of the 15th it snowed. The 20th, a very warm, pretty Sunday. The next four days I laid my upper floors. Sunday it rained, and Monday I hewed out my harrow timber.

First week in March I made stakes. The 6th it snowed, moderate winter weather. The 7th very warm and drying. The 8th rained and snowed, and continued dull and cloudy until the 13th, which was clear and cold; went to meeting at Widow Birch's. The 14th I got all my farming implements sharpened up. Very cold, 16th cleared up. The 18th and 19th clear, but awful muddy. Sunday cloudy and threatening rain. Monday I broke prairie land, Wednesday went to Stark's nursery, got one hundred apple trees and set them out the 25th.

March 28, I began sowing oats and finished April 1; sowed twenty-six bushels on twelve acres. Saturday night a fine rain fell. Monday was fine plowing weather and the ground in good order; commenced my pasture fence to-day. The next three days I made my pasture fence. Friday I went to the river. The past week was very dry. Monday I began plowing for corn, Tuesday spayed my pigs, and we had a fine rain. Put in a week plowing for corn. Thursday, the 21st, I planted nine acres of corn; showery these days, but ground dry. Saturday a light rain, Sunday cold and misty, Monday hauled last stack of hay, Tuesday planted orchard in potatoes, ground remarkably dry. The 29th just enough rain and cleared off warm. The 30th finished breaking corn ground and sheared my sheep.

May 1, big rain, ground too wet to plow, and it continued raining a week. The 12th ground got in order again, the 14th I planted corn; Sunday, the 15th, hot for the first time. Monday a big rain, ground too wet to plow for several days. Monday sowed three acres of corn, Tuesday weather good, but appearances of rain; next two days replanted my first piece of corn. Monday, the 28th, I commenced plowing corn, the weather warm and clear; the 30th replant-

ed my last piece of corn, rained a fine shower to-day.

June 1, warm and rained a fine rain; the 2d ground too wet to plow; the 3d worked the road, it rained the night of the 3d; the 4th ground wet and warm; the 6th and 7th went to court; remarkably warm on the 17th, and very dry until the 22d, a light rain fell; the 24th I commenced laying by my corn; the 25th I went to the river, getting very warm and dry again; the 28th warm and windy, and the 29th a fine rain; the 30th finished laying by my first piece of corn and cut wheat for John in the evening.

July 1, cut wheat for John; the 2d cut wheat for Davis; Sunday, the 3d, very warm and growing weather; the 4th and 5th cut my wheat, and had sixty-seven shocks; the 8th I finished laying by my corn; the 9th I cut down four and one-half acres of oats and it rained a fine rain in the evening; the 13th I finished my oats and had 646 shocks from twelve acres; and the 15th it rained a plenty for the first in two months; 16th and 17th cool and cloudy; 18th and 19th cool; the 20th I commenced cutting my meadow, and finished it on the 23d, moderately warm; 25th to 27th I stacked my oats and hay; the 30th thrashed my wheat.

August 1, dry weather; the 3d cleaned my wheat, had fifteen bushels; 5th went to the river; the 8th I commenced getting saw logs for a house; the 10th a light rain fell; the 13th very warm and dry, the past week being as hot as the weather ever gets; night of the 19th a fine rain; the 20th I went to Middletown; night of the 22d a fine rain; the 23d Mary Willis died; the 27th helped James Chamberlain cover his house, and the 29th we finished it; very cool for several nights past; 30th I moved Susan to my house; 31st I commenced hewing my sills.

September 1 and 2, thrashed oats for James Chamberlain; 3d went to the river; 4th and 5th hauled the sills for my house; the 7th and 8th thrashed grain at Rob's; 10th I cleaned out my pond, very dry and warm; 12th I went to the sale of Robt. Willis; 13th went to a barn raising at Daniel's; 14th I sawed and hauled shingle timber; the 15th went to the show; 16th and 17th I hauled rails, dry and awful windy; 19th to 21st I cut corn; morning of the 22d a white frost; finished cutting corn the 23d, had sixty-one shocks; 24th I made rails; 28th thrashed oats; 29th it rained all day.

October 1, I built my cross fence; the 2d was Sunday; 3d finished thrashing my

oats, had 283 bushels; 4th thrashed for John, 5th went to Brown's sale, Friday, the 7th, went to the river. Monday I commenced sowing wheat, and finished Thursday. Friday I hauled a load of oats to the river for John. The next week I hauled off my oats and got 24 cents a bushel. Monday, 24th, dry and cold, Wednesday a light rain, Thursday laid the foundation for my house, and the next two days gathered corn. Monday, the 31st, A. B. Roy commenced working on my house.

November 1, warm and dry. Wednesday raised the frame of my house, Thursday raised the rafters and began weatherboarding, Friday commenced putting on shingles, weather cool and dry; 5th went to House's mill. Monday went to Bowling Green and got a pair of boots; next two days did light work. Thursday went with father to R. Griffeth's to buy a negro boy; bought a lot of cattle at \$5.75 and \$10.00 a head. Friday I gathered corn, and the next day had a much needed rain. The 19th I husked corn. The 20th, Sunday, warm and misty. Tuesday and Wednesday finished covering my house, Thursday just pottered about, next two days hauled two saw logs for flooring. Sunday, 27th, cool and foggy. Monday warm and rainy; two last days hauled two logs

from pap's, weather cool and changeable.

December 1-3, hauled wood and got the sleepers for my house. Sunday warm and pleasant. Monday put in my sleepers, next day went to Bowling Green, 7th went to the mill for a load of lumber, 8th-10th weather-boarded my house; 12th and 13th went to the river with pap's hogs, 14th killed my hogs. Thursday I went to the river, sold two hogs for \$12.03; they weighed 344 pounds. The 16th first snow fell. Saturday clear and cool, finished husking my corn. Sunday, 18th, it snowed. Monday I hauled wood and a stack of hay, and the next three days worked on my house. Friday I went to mill, and next day had the Chamberlain land appraised. Christmas day, Sunday, was cloudy, damp and cold. The next three days I finished my house, and the 29th we moved into it. Last two days very cold and snowy.

January 1, 1854, very cold. Second went to Bowling Green, 3d killed hogs, 4th put eave-troughs around my house; last three days warm. Fifth helped Jourdan raise his house, 6th hauled wood, 7th went to Bowling Green, dry and cold. Tenth I began hauling rails; 16th snowed all day and is fine sledding. From 20th-29th very cold, then more moderate and the snow going off

by degrees. This makes six months that there has been no stock water except in the large streams. It has been dryer, and dry longer than ever was known here before. Last two days of January very warm.

February 1, warm; 2d and 3d colder; 4th and 5th moderate, then cool on to the 19th, at which time it rained and snowed, making plenty of water for the first time in seven months. Cloudy and dull on the 20th; 26th changeable and snowing, and the last two days of the month moderating.

March 1, I plowed until noon, when it commenced raining and we had a big rain, followed by very pretty weather, the 5th being a beautiful day; the next two days a big rain; on the 12th warmed up; the next four days I plowed; the 19th cool. March 20, I commenced sowing oats and continued for four days, sowing twenty-six bushels. The 25th cold and dry; 26th cool; the next two days it snowed, and the next it rained all day; 30th cloudy, and 31st another heavy rain and snow; awful weather.

April 1, very cold; the next two days more pleasant, and the 4th it rained; the two following days were warm; 7th I went to Bowling Green to court, and the next day I built fence. The 9th was Sunday; Monday I finished my pasture fence, Tues-

day sowed four bushels of oats, Wednesday sowed eight acres of timothy seed; beautiful weather and stock can live on the grass. The 13th and 14th rainy, and the next day we had a fine snow, eight inches deep, that went off in the evening. Sunday, the 16th, was cool. For the next three days we had very warm weather. Thursday I commenced plowing for corn, Friday it rained, Saturday was very warm and I went to House's mill. The 24th I went to plowing again, gardened, planted potatoes and plowed until the last of the month.

May 1, I commenced planting corn and planted ten acres; 5th went to the sale at Oden's; 6th made a pond in my new pasture, dry, warm and windy. The 7th was Sunday. The next three days I broke my orchard; Thursday and Friday I planted it, dry and very dry; 13th we had lots of rain; 14th, Sunday, rather cool, but clear and beautiful. Monday I began breaking prairie land, and the 17th we had an awful rain; Friday I finished breaking, six acres in all, and the next day I sowed three acres of it, and we had a little rain. Monday I sowed the other three acres; Tuesday I discovered that chinch bugs are in my wheat and oats; Wednesday I went to the mill after a load of lumber; Thursday took Bet-

tie up to Hen's and worked the road. The next two days I cut out a fence row for another pasture. Sunday went to Siloam meeting. Monday I commenced breaking more prairie and plowed five days, though it rained every day and was a very wet spell.

June 3, I fenced my woods pasture. On Sunday, the 4th, went to the association. Monday I commenced plowing corn and at 9 o'clock it began to rain, corn looking well. The next three days I broke prairie, finishing fifteen acres; very wet and cool this week. Friday clear and warm, and I broke prairie for John C. and plowed corn. Tuesday I went to the river, weather warm and growing. Friday night had a fine rain, hot, growing weather. Monday, the 19th, still warm and plowing corn; Wednesday we had a heavy rain and storm; Saturday and Sunday awful hot. The last week in June I laid my corn by, weather awful hot and dry.

July 1, cut wheat for Davis. Monday I cut wheat at home and had 133 shocks; the next day cut wheat for James Chamberlain, hot and dry and chinch bugs very bad. Wednesday I hauled a little wood, was half sick; Thursday I commenced cutting my oats; the night of the 8th we had a fine

rain; Sunday cloudy and cool. Thursday I finished my oats, and Friday began cutting meadow, finishing Thursday, the 20th. Friday went to David H.'s infare; Saturday I stacked hay, had three stacks; 23d was Sunday. Monday I stacked wheat; the next four days I stacked oats, had seven stacks; a light rain on the 27th. This is the worst drouth I ever saw, and it will be impossible to make half a crop of corn. I got my horses shod Saturday. The 31st I cleaned up all my work and rested; clear, dry and hot as it ever gets here.

August 1 and 2, I went to the debate at Bowling Green. The 8th a light rain fell, commenced making a loom. The 12th we had a tolerably good rain, but the balance of the month was hot and dry.

September 1 and 2, covered on Henderson's house. Monday I cut two shocks of corn, and on Saturday I cut 112 shocks; then went to West Cuivre on a visit, returning Monday, when we had the biggest rain that has fallen in four months. Monday, the 18th, and Tuesday, more rain. Friday I thrashed wheat and oats, and Saturday and Monday I finished cutting corn, having in all 229 shocks. Tuesday I sowed two bushels of rye; Friday I cleaned wheat and

had thirty-five bushels. Saturday I begun sowing wheat, getting dry and warm.

October 1 and 2, finished sowing seven acres of wheat, allowing one bushel to the acre. The 3d I went to the river, and the 8th to the land sale at Palmyra, returning home the 15th. The next day I sowed timothy seed, and the 17th went to work for Frederick Renner. I worked there ten days and came home sick. The 30th I killed a beef, and the 31st went to the river, where I sold three-quarters of it and the hide for \$15.40.

November 1, I commenced gathering corn; 3d hauled wood, rained; 4th finished gathering corn, had seven loads. Monday, the 6th, went to Sim's infare, Tuesday to Rellise's raising, and the 8th went back to work at Fred's. Saturday and Sunday a light snow and a little taste of winter. On Monday I finished work at Fred's, and the rest of the week I worked for Calis, weather cold and blustering. Sunday, the 19th, more pleasant. The 28th I killed hogs; 29th went to the river, made \$15.20, and sold ten hogs for \$3.15 per hundred.

December 1 and 2, worked for Calis; 3d windy and cold. December warm throughout; the 21st J. M. B. Chamberlain's house burned down; 23d some rain, warm and

foggy for several days, and the last day of Christmas week was a delightful day.

January 1, 1855, beautiful weather. The heaviest rains for nine months fell the 5th and 6th. On the 8th L. L. Henderson commenced working for me, and we had two weeks of beautiful weather. The worst snow storm I ever saw came the 21st, then two weeks of moderate, nasty weather.

February was the first winter we had, and continued on to the last of the month. The 26th was warmer and I commenced work on my house.

March 1, warm on to the 12th; 13th and 14th snowy; I sold seven head of steers at \$16.00 a head; 16th snowy, awful weather, and continued cold, frozen weather on to the last of the month.

April 1, I commenced sowing oats; 2d Mack commenced work. The 6th I finished sowing fourteen acres of oats. The 9th cold and dry, 10th I commenced breaking corn ground. The weather is clear, cool and dry, no grass and a poor prospect for it. Night of the 13th and the next day a fine rain, weather warm and growing. The 17th I commenced plowing for corn, the weather beautiful; 19th rain, and stock can live on the grass. I finished planting fif-

teen acres of corn on the 19th, warm and growing weather.

May 1, I finished planting my old ground, thirty acres. The 7th I commenced breaking prairie, chinch bugs very numerous and the ground tolerable dry, and remains dry for ten days. Meeting here the 13th. I am half done breaking prairie the 15th, and indications of rain; that night a heavy rain; 16th warm and another heavy rain. The 17th the ground in a flood of water and I went to Bowling Green with my wool, next day went to mill and the 19th broke prairie; the 20th was Sunday. Monday I commenced plowing corn, ground full wet, but warm and windy. Friday a little rain, and the next day a heavy rain, ground all standing in water. I finished breaking prairie, and another big rain; the weather wet and cold.

June 1, still wet. The 5th ground too wet to plow, I went to Middletown's sale and bought eleven head of cattle. The 11th I went to plowing, ground full wet. The 14th signs of rain, very cool and ground plows tolerably wet. The 22d I commenced laying by my corn, getting dry. The 27th and 28th I cut my rye, still dry; 30th cut wheat at father's.

July 2 and 3, I cut my wheat; chinch bugs are awful in the wheat, awfully dry; 4th and 5th laid by corn, a fine prospect for rain, but none came. Next day finished laying by corn, very dry; the 9th I commenced cutting oats, and the 11th at night we had a fine rain, but it laid my oats to the earth, about seven acres, corn is doing well. Night of 12th, storm and rain; 13th very hot; next five days I cut and tied up oats, lost six acres. The 21st stacked my wheat and rye; 23d sowed my turnip seed, cloudy misty weather; 26th finished stacking my oats, seven stacks; 30th finished cutting my meadow. Heavy rain close by, but little here; very dry and warm.

August 1, stacked two stacks of hay and it came a fine rain; next day went to the river; 4th stacked oats for Shepherd and there came a nice rain at night. The 6th and 7th stacked oats for Shepherd; next two days plowed for wheat; next three days lots of rain; the 25th thrashed my wheat and rye, had fifty-nine and one-half bushels of wheat and sixty and one-half of rye; weather warm and wet.

September 13, I sowed wheat, finishing the 21st. I bought seven mules for \$214.50. The 29th I finished work at John Branstetter's.

October 1, I commenced cutting corn, cool and windy; 3d I finished cutting 180 shocks; went to the fair at Bowling Green the 4th, and we had a heavy rain. Next two nights had frost. The 8th I went to pap's to work, weather more pleasant; the 18th I finished the house, 20th went to the river, bad weather, a little snow. The 25th I commenced gathering corn; Sunday, the 28th, was a beautiful day. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday I gathered corn, the weather cloudy and rainy.

November 4, Sunday, and rained heavy; 5th went to pap's to work, weather fair on to the 11th, then signs of rain. Next four days I gathered corn; 16th went to the river. From 20th to 24th worked for Willis, 25th went to West Cuivre. The 26th I brought my cattle home, 27th gathered up my stock and commenced feeding. The next day commenced painting my house, weather warm and clear.

December 1, clear, but turning cold; 3d and 4th weather good, 5th killed my hogs. The 10th I commenced work at J. Chamberlain's, and the 17th worked for Charles Daniel. Finished hauling in stock corn the 22d, beautiful weather. The 23d a light rain fell, and next two days big snow, and so ends the year 1855.

January 1, 1856, cold. Cold, snowy weather all through January.

February 3, the coldest day I ever felt. It has been fine sledding since the 24th of December and on February 17, the snow was fourteen inches deep and tolerably cold. This winter will not be forgotten for many years. The snow laid on until March.

March was a cold, blustery and snowy month.

April 2, John and I finished the school house. The 3d I started the plow, ground very heavy. The 4th I commenced sowing oats and finished the 11th, sowing twenty-two acres. The 15th I went to mill, 16th commenced plowing for corn, weather dry and cool, 17th stock can live on the grass. I fenced forty acres of prairie last winter and broke twenty-five acres to sow in wheat.

May was a very wet month, and June was dry. Wheat crops good, oats are very light, corn crop tolerably light. I lathed and plastered my house this fall. Winter set in the first of November; very wet and cold until Christmas.

January, 1857. Very wet, cold and muddy winter. The spring very wet and cold; April 5, a cold snow, and not a furrow plowed, nor any prospect of it soon. The 13th I commenced sowing oats and the

17th it snowed, and the next day snow was one inch deep on the ground, and beastly cold for the season. Sunday, the 19th, it cleared off and a prospect for better weather; no grass or feed. The 20th I finished sowing oats, and the next day very cold. The last day of April I commenced planting corn.

May 2, I have twenty-four acres of corn planted; still cool and grass very slim, but I have quit feeding. The 17th I have upwards of fifty acres of corn planted; cold, cloudy and changeable weather, but very dry. The 30th a good rain; corn came up badly, still cool.

June 4, a drizzly rain; I am still planting corn. The 28th warm, and the driest time that has ever been, and the chinch bugs the worst; oats are ruined with the drouth and corn is small for the season.

July 1, still dry, the 13th a light rain. The chinch bugs have killed the oats and are on the corn; on to the 18th beastly hot and as dry as ever. The last day of July the rains set in, and corn crops are good, but late.

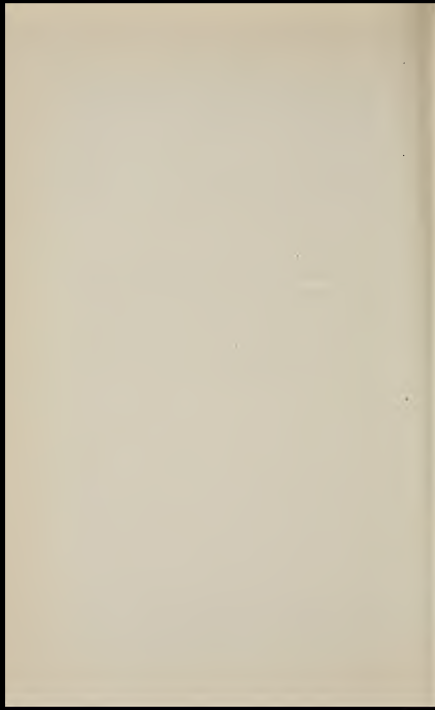
September 22-25, I sowed wheat, nice weather.

October 5, very dry, no frost yet to hurt. Night of 16th a hard frost. I cut 245 shocks

of corn, the weather fine. The 20th to 23d was the fair. We had a warm, but very wet winter until Christmas.

January, 1858. Warm and wet until the first of February, then cold with snow for four weeks. This was the warmest winter I ever saw; I built my frame stable this winter. The 28th of March I started the plow.

April 1, I finished sowing oats; wheat looks better than I ever saw it at this time of the year. The 14th it snowed all day; I have twenty-five acres of corn ground broke. The 25th it snowed; the 27th I commenced planting corn, and that night it rained an awful rain and rained for a week.



EXPERIENCE.

Curryville, Mo., June 9, 1887.

Dear Brethren:

I feel impressed to give a short history of my life. My parents were born in America, but they were of German descent. They were married in 1821, in Kentucky. In 1822 they moved to Missouri, where they had ten children born to them, six boys and four girls. I was the second child, and eldest son, and was born February 11, 1825.

My parents were not professors of religion during my rearing, and I grew up in all the amusements and vices of that day and loved them well. I was sent to school a few months, when a boy, and at the age of fourteen I could read and write.

At the age of sixteen I commenced arguing that there is no God, no devil, no hereafter. And as my opponents would go to the Bible to confute my arguments, I commenced reading it to confute them. But I would change the Scriptures to suit my notion, and quote it my way in argu-

ment, and very few would know but that I was right. But if I was caught at my trick I would then contend that the Bible was nothing but man's opinion, and that my opinion was worth as much as any one's.

In February, 1843, I was at the home of my aunt, a very religious old lady, and she brought up the subject of religion, and quoted Scripture to prove her positions. I got the Bible, turned to her proof texts, and changed the reading until I got her perfectly confused. I felt lifted up over my victory.

I started home, about a mile away, and while on the way I had such a feeling sense of conviction for my course, and my understanding was so opened that I seemed to group in at one view, all creation, and this thought pierced through my soul—This is the work of God! Conviction took hold of me, because of my conduct and course of life; conviction for sin took hold of my being, and I found myself breathing from my soul, "God, have mercy." I could see in an instant all my wicked acts and infidel arguments; and my mind seemed to comprehend the wisdom, holiness, justice and judgment of the eternal God so clearly that my poor frame trembled, and I realized

that I was a condemned sinner. I tried to banish these thoughts and feelings from me, and tried to appear as jovial with my young associates as ever.

I kept it concealed for about six weeks, until the last of March, when there was a Methodist protracted meeting going on. I went one day and sixteen joined them, several of whom were my cousins. With such a deep sense of my sinful condition, my feelings were so overcome that I could not help crying aloud and saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner." The members gathered around me and begged me to join them. I told them that I was a condemned sinner and had no hope of ever being saved. They said the church was the place to get forgiveness. But I did not go.

I have ever believed it was God who kept me from joining that church, for all my boyhood associates were with the Methodists. I knew nothing about the Baptists, only having heard them spoken of occasionally in a taunting manner. I was now in my eighteenth year, and I would say within myself, "I will put these convictions of sin away from me, and not think about them; and I will enjoy myself as I once did." But I could never get rid of the feeling sense of condemnation.

November 22, 1843, I married Miss Missouri A. Henderson, and we went to keeping house in a little log cabin, on the farm where I now live. I got along very well, as I thought, still believing I could soon wear off my convictions, as I had to work very hard, and many other things to look after. But, alas! about the first of April my convictions returned upon me with double force, and for three long months I felt to be the most condemned wretch that God ever permitted to live. I saw nothing and could think of nothing but my condemned state. And the breathing of my poor soul was, "God have mercy." I felt sure that I was going to die. I often went to the woods after supper to ask God to have mercy, yet I felt that my condemnation was just.

The first night in August I went to bed, feeling sure that I should never see the sun rise again, and that God would not spare me any longer. Some time in the night I dropped into a sleep, and I saw Jesus just where the sun is at noon, the sun seeming to be at 3 p. m. Christ's brightness illuminated the entire heavens, and I could see the shape of the sun, but it gave no light. I knew this was Jesus, and he held a man by the right hand, who shone as bright as he. While gazing at the sublime scene,

I felt that I was gone forever, when lo, Christ commenced descending, holding the man with his right hand at his side. I stood and looked until he came near the window where I was, when he seemed to stop; he spoke to me and said, "I am the Savior of sinners, and you go and tell thy friends, The day of judgment is at hand." He then disappeared. It seemed that I started to tell father and mother that Jesus had appeared to me as the Savior of sinners, when I awoke, getting out of bed and clapping my hands for joy. My burden of sin was gone, and my soul was full of the love of God.

My wife awoke and said, "What is the matter?"

I said, "Jesus is my Savior! He is all glorious, and fills immensity."

This was one of the happiest moments of my life! My poor tongue has never been able to express the love of God that filled my soul, which only a few hours before was enshrouded in darkness and condemnation. But, to my surprise, after a few hours, doubts began to arise like these: "This is nothing but a dream or vision, and nothing real in it." Then would come the thought, "But if only a dream, why this love of God in my poor soul? It remains,

and my sins are gone, my condemnation removed." This I realized in my feelings, and I could say with David, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits" and mercies to me, a sinner.

That vision is as bright to me to-day as it was then, and Christ is my only hope.

The third Sunday in August, 1844, three weeks from the time of this heavenly vision, I offered myself to the Primitive Baptists for membership and was received, and the fourth Sunday I was baptized into the fellowship of Siloam church, Pike county, Missouri, by Elder William Davis.

CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

Curryville, Mo., June 13, 1887.

Dear Brethren:

I will now give some of the exercises of my mind, and impressions made on my poor heart to preach the gospel, and to tell poor sinners that Jesus is a precious Savior.

The thought of preaching gave me trouble for a long time, because the impressions were not made visible, but only in a vision of the night, when the Lord spoke to me, not in an audible voice, but by His Spirit. But we are informed in God's word that "In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men. . . . Then He openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction."—Job xxxiii. 15, 16. This and many other Scriptures have given me much comfort, when I have been made to doubt whether the Lord had ever pardoned my sins or not.

Yet looking back to the time when faith presented Jesus to me in all His divine glory, I have been encouraged to try to tell a

dying world that Jesus is the Savior of poor, lost sinners. And the glory, power, wisdom, love and mercy of God were so suitably adapted to the condition of poor sinners, that it filled my soul with reverential fear. But then difficulties presented themselves, and my mind would return from those heavenly thoughts and take a view of my sinful self, and I would say, "No, God never called such a creature as I to preach his gospel." I was very poor, had a small family to support, and nothing with which to do it except my own labor, and nothing to be expected from the brethren. The majority of the old preachers were rich and preached against the brethren helping the minister in any way, which was to their own injury and the injury of the church.

Brethren and sisters, read the ninth chapter of Paul's first letter to the Corinthians, and see if you have done your duty to the ministry.

As poor as I was, the Lord blessed me with a Testament, which I carried in my pocket daily, reading at every interval, while at work. And I read where Paul says, "For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are

called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world, to confound the wise." The obligation would return with double force to my mind until sleep left me at night; my pillow would be wet with tears, and my very soul heave with groanings that could not be uttered. Yet I felt that I could not be the man, for I was too ignorant and illiterate.

By this time six years had rolled around, and in order to get rid of my trouble in this matter I concluded to go to California. So in the spring of 1850 I got my outfit and, with my Bible in my pocket, started, leaving my loving wife and three little children behind. Every day I traveled, for over four months, brought more and more to my view the divine power and wisdom of God in the creation of the world, and of His discriminating grace and mercy to the sons of men, in giving them a hope in Christ of a glorious inheritance, incorruptible. Then I saw the bustle of men after the riches of this world, and the depravity of the human heart developed in every perceivable way, and in the midst of all this confusion the very breathing of my soul was, "Lord, have mercy on me, and deliver me from the evils of this world," for I felt that I was a runaway from God.

When I was alone in the mountains, and retired for a night's repose, with my head on a rock for a pillow, under the green boughs of the lofty cedars, the wild beasts prowling around and with their hideous cries making the night still more gloomy—with these surroundings the lovely Jesus was presented to my view more glorious than ever before, in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks, (His church,) holding the seven stars, (His ministers,) in His right hand. His power was their protection, His grace their strength, and His mercy their comfort. I was made to cry out in the language of Thomas, "My Lord and my God." I felt then that I could do all things through Jesus, and I promised the Lord that if He would preserve my life until I returned home, I would love, serve and honor Him in every duty presented.

For me to have commenced to speak of Jesus there, it seemed, would be presumption, for preaching was not so much as heard of there, and I was easily lulled into a disposition of procrastination. In July, 1851, with my pack on a mule, I started for home, and crossed the rugged mountains and lonely plains under the protection of that God whose love and mercy never fail to those that fear Him. On reaching home,

September 14, I found my family all alive and well, at which my poor soul was made to rejoice. I felt that the Lord had answered my prayer in permitting me to return home; and I felt under ten thousand obligations more to discharge my duty in the house of God, still the way was not yet clear.

I had been at home only a few days when I learned that the two preachers belonging to our church had gotten into a difficulty which threatened the dissolution of the church. As there were only a few members and I was young, it was too great an undertaking for me to attempt anything like preaching there, so I concluded to call for a letter of dismissal and go back to the church where I was baptized. The letter was granted and the church dissolved without settling the difficulty.

This circumstance gave rise to another close investigation of myself. To see brethren in the ministry, whom I so dearly loved, and under whose preaching my soul had been filled to overflowing, bring reproach upon themselves and the cause they had professed, even to the scattering of the flock, caused me to have many serious and bitter reflections.

I came to the conclusion that the impressions I had had to defend the gospel were produced by the pride of my natural heart, and that in the future I should be content with what the Lord had given me, that is, the pardon of my sins. And in order to wear off my impressions to preach Jesus to sinners, I concluded to hold my letter, and read my Bible, thinking that I could worship God at home as well as anywhere else. Much to my sorrow I blundered along for five years.

Sore temptations, trials, afflictions and doubts attended every step of my way. Out of the communion of the church, from under the watch care of the brethren, I became much depressed in spirit. I had about come to the conclusion that I had been mistaken in the whole matter.

Elder William Davis had an appointment to preach at my father's, and my wife and I went to the meeting. But the preaching did not make much impression on my mind. He had an appointment also in the evening, near us, and he continued the subject of the forenoon. He commenced with the Christian's exercises of mind, and ere I was aware I got so full I could hardly keep my seat. He then pointed out the hopes

and prospects of the children of God, and spoke of the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, and of their incorruptible inheritance. I felt as though the very doors of heaven were opened and the glory of the Lord burst upon us with Jesus in the midst; every face was wet with tears. I then realized the language of the Apostle Paul—"Whether in the body, I can not tell," and I realized things that my broken language has never been able to express. I arose to my feet, took Brother Davis by the hand and told him that I was a runaway from God and could stay away no longer.

My wife had a hope before we were married, but her people all being Presbyterians and bitterly opposed to the Primitive Baptists, she had never united with the church. At the next meeting, when the opportunity was given to any who wished to unite with the church, my wife and I offered ourselves, and we were received. I then felt like talking, and did talk of Jesus and His salvation, how He had brought me through the fiery furnace and the deep waters of temptation and affliction.

Yes, dear brethren and sisters, "The eternal God is our refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms," and the poor,

little child of God can never finally fall and be lost. For by one offering the blessed Jesus hath perfected forever them that are sanctified from the world, by the quickening power and influence of the Spirit, and made us lively stones, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, holy and acceptable unto God by Jesus Christ. And there are diversities of gifts, but all by the same Spirit; and every gift is made manifest to the church by the discharge of the duties the Spirit points out for the members to do.

Notwithstanding my weakness and ignorance, my duty was so impressed upon me that I could think of nothing else, day or night; and when opportunity was given, or I was called upon to open or close the meetings and I refused, it would give me trouble, for I had promised the Lord that I would try to glorify His name in my body and spirit which are His. When I went forward it was in fear and trembling, but the Lord knows our weakness; and when I had thus gone forward I would leave the meeting house with a calm resignation to the will of the Lord, feeling joyful in spirit that I had given vent to my feelings.

On the fourth Saturday in February, 1859, the church licensed me to exercise my gift, and in a few months there were

solicitations by brethren and friends from every neighborhood for me to come and preach, and with reluctance I would consent for them to make appointments for me. I soon found myself perfectly absorbed in trying to proclaim the everlasting gospel of the Son of God, traveling far and near. I felt that I was not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, not to the dead sinner. The apostle says, "For the preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God." The gospel then, being spiritual, must be received in the light of the Spirit; for "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

The man that preaches the gospel is made to do, even as was Paul; "For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us." And having this qualification, the man called of God is ready for the

work of the ministry, without the aid of theological schools, or taking a test oath as I was forced to do, which was imposed on ministers of Christ by men of corrupt hearts.

In the commencement of my ministry, I found myself amid the din of war and the clash of arms, but this did not turn me to the right or to the left. I was cast into prison three times by the Federal forces, and once dragged out of the stand, menaced with cocked revolvers and carried away to prison. But all this did not deter me, I felt that God was my protector. I believed that if He had a work for me to do, all the infernal powers of Satan could not frustrate it, nor destroy me.

In April, 1864, I was regularly ordained to the gospel ministry by Elders William Davis, William Priest and T. P. Rogers. Amid all the strife and persecution God has preserved my life, and enabled me to face all the opposition that has ever been brought to bear against me. "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy name," for His mercy to me, a poor sinner.

LABORS IN THE MINISTRY.

Curryville, Mo., June 23, 1887.

Dear Brethren:

When I united with the Primitive Baptists, both a surprised and a vindictive spirit was manifested among my large family of relatives, who belonged to the different Arminian sects; so I found myself surrounded by the enemies of truth.

My wife had a little Testament, and I would read of nights until 10 o'clock, committing to memory the blessed truths of God's word. The very breathing of my soul was—O God, open my understanding to understand and know the truth! and I felt that He granted my request. I could soon silence my opponents by proving that salvation was by grace and not of works. When I went to hear the other sects preach, it was to me a perfect contradiction of what Christ and the apostles had preached, and my very soul would burn within me for the honor and glory of God to be presented in the salvation of sinners.

I could rest neither day nor night until I should know all that God had said. I read the Testament through four times before I commenced preaching. At the third reading, my mind seemed to comprehend the connecting links of the entire revelation, and I could see a perfect chain of God's purposes in every thing that takes place in time or eternity. I felt to realize the truth of God's servant of old—"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

At the fourth reading I marked as I went, and when I got through my stakes were all set; God had set them for me, and my heart was fixed. What joy I realized when God said, "Look upon Zion, [the church of God,] the city of our solemnities; thine eyes shall see Jerusalem a quiet habitation, a tabernacle that shall not be taken down; not one of the stakes thereof shall ever be removed, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken." When my mind of faith brought to view the power, wisdom and purpose of His glorious will revealed in my poor soul, it was too much for me. I viewed myself a poor, corrupt and hardened sinner, and the question arose, Can such a creature as I am set forth the honor and glory of God in the salvation of His people,

to their comfort and encouragement? These were my daily reflections and the burden of my soul.

But my purpose is to give my experience while a licentiate. It seems that there is a disposition manifest on the part of licentiates, as soon as they can talk a little publicly they must be ordained before proving their gift to be profitable. And the church of Christ has made many mistakes, to her injury, by setting young gifts apart before they are thoroughly proven to be edifying and instructive. We are commanded to "Lay hands suddenly on no man." For some men's sins go to judgment beforehand, their conduct proves that they are not called of God to the work; others' sins follow after, and they disgrace themselves and the cause of our blessed Redeemer. The church has felt the weight of hasty discipline in many other things.

I preached five years as a licentiate, traveling far and near, at the request of friends and brethren. I preached three years regularly once a month, at one place, with large congregations. I had to stop to preach for a church without a pastor, and I preached for it about a year, when they petitioned the church of my membership for my ordination. But when it was brought

up in the church I begged them to defer it, as I had all the liberty I wanted, and was preaching every Saturday and Sunday; and as to having the care of churches, I felt that it was too great a responsibility for me. But the church would not grant my request, and I have felt from that time until now to submit to the will of the church.

Two weeks before my ordination I was taken out of the stand with cocked revolvers, and taken to prison by the Federal forces. So after my ordination I refused to take the care of the church that had asked for it. I felt that I would not be allowed to preach there. They called a young preacher who was ordained at the same time I was, who in a few years caused serious trouble in the association, and died excluded from the fellowship of the Baptists.

The apostle says, "We have this treasure [the gospel] in earthen vessels." How careful, then, the young and old ministers should be to take care of the vessel, for it is easily cracked and then it is good for nothing. How careful the Lord's ministers should be, not only to preach with the mouth, but with the hands, and the feet, and the everyday walk in life, that their character as men be unimpeachable. This has given me a great deal of trouble. I can

not live as a minister of the gospel should live. I see so many misgivings in my nature that I am made to say, Surely the Lord is not in me, or I could live a holy life. Yet my brethren have borne with my weakness and imperfections, and given me great encouragement in my feeble efforts to try to preach Christ the way, the truth and the life to poor sinners.

I preached three years after I was ordained before I consented to take the pastoral care of a church. My wife was a very energetic domestic woman, and she opposed me in going so much from home. When I would commence getting ready to start to my appointment she would say, "You had better stay at home and make a living for your family." This was like a dagger to my heart; for there was so much truth in it that it killed me in my feelings. I felt that she knew I could not and ought not to preach, and that had been the puzzle within myself from my first effort. But it seemed death to go, and death to stay at home; so I was quitting and commencing again for many years.

In 1865 my wife went with me to the Concord association, in Illinois, where I preached on the stand, on Sunday, with good liberty. I felt that the Lord was with

me, and while preaching I saw the tears running down my wife's cheeks. She tried to hide her face when she saw that I noticed her.

From that day to the day of her death she never said for me not to go, but seemed to feel the importance of my going, and it was a pleasure to fix me off. She gave me words of encouragement, and if I was troubled about leaving my work she would say, "Go along, I will have that attended to all right."

O what encouragement to a burdened minister! for his wife to feel the burden of the gospel, as well as himself.

Dear sister, what I have said is my own experience; and if your husband is a minister I know you have a lonesome and hard time. But you should not give trouble to the Lord's anointed. His appointments are always out ahead, and when the time comes, if things at home are not just as they should be, you should encourage him to go on; for with the grace of God and a good wife he can endure all things.

In September, 1866, my wife was taken with consumption, and, after lingering eleven months, died in August, 1867. This was one of the hardest trials of my life. I could not feel to be reconciled to the will of

the Lord. My confinement at home, losing my dear helpmate, with nine children to care for, heavy doctor bills, and financial embarrassment, made me feel irreconciled to the will of God, and I thought this was all sent on me for bringing reproach upon His blessed cause in trying to preach. The very breathings of my poor, afflicted soul were, "O God, reconcile me to thy will, and open the way to me, if I am thy servant, to do thy will."

In some two weeks after the death of my wife I received a message that Elder T. J. Wright was dead, and a request to be at their next meeting, forty-five miles away. With a broken heart and a downcast spirit I started, asking myself the question, What are you going for? you can not preach; you are not reconciled to the will of God, and the apostle says, "I pray you, . . . be ye reconciled to God." If any poor mortal ever suffered, mentally, beyond description, it was I.

On arriving at the meeting on Saturday, I found all the members cast down, with sad hearts, at the loss of their dear pastor, but a mixture of joy seemed to be expressed in every countenance when they took me by the hand in love and fellowship. At the close of the meeting there was much good

feeling manifested, and they requested me to be with them at their next meeting; and I could not refuse them a promise.

At the next meeting three of the old brethren asked me what I would take to preach for them a year.

I replied, "I am not for hire."

They dropped their heads.

I said, "If I am a minister of Christ and preach the truth, I can not put an estimate on my labors; but if I am not, and do not preach the truth, it is not worth anything."

They then wanted me to accept the care of the church, but this I refused to do, until in March, and it was then with doubts and fears, for I did not feel that God had blessed me with a pastoral gift. "And he gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints." Soon some were added to this church; they were satisfied with my labors, and gave me great encouragement.

At this church, called Sand Run, Lincoln county, Missouri, I found another help-mate, Frances Elmore, a woman blessed of God both naturally and spiritually. We were married April 22, 1868, and have had ten children, four boys and six girls; eight of them now living.

I continued the care of this church, Sand Run, fourteen years, and baptized some thirty or more into its fellowship.

In January, 1869, I was called to the care of Little Bethel church, thirty miles distant, having only nine members, and just one male member, a minister. This church, situated in Lincoln county, Missouri, had gone down from a serious trouble that occurred years before, and their house of worship had rotted down. It was a step in the dark to me, and with reluctance I consented to serve them. But everything grew bright in a short time. God had much people in that vicinity, and at the second meeting a young man and his wife united with the church. The Lord added to the church for three years, until there were some thirty-five members, with fifteen prominent male members. They built a good house in which to worship, and the membership is now over fifty. I still have the care of this church.

In 1871 I was called to the care of Davis Fork church, in the town of Mexico, Audrain county, Missouri; distance from home, thirty-two miles. This church belonged to the Salem association. I preached for them five years, and left them in a prosperous condition. But the church has

since about gone down, under the preaching of the Means, or Gospel-regeneration, Baptists, with whom we have no correspondence or fellowship.

In 1874 I was called to the care of Bryants Creek church, in Lincoln county, Missouri, and served them as pastor for twelve years. At this time I had the care of seven churches upon me, as Elder William Davis, who baptized me, was very old and preached only for my home church, Siloam, Pike county, Missouri.

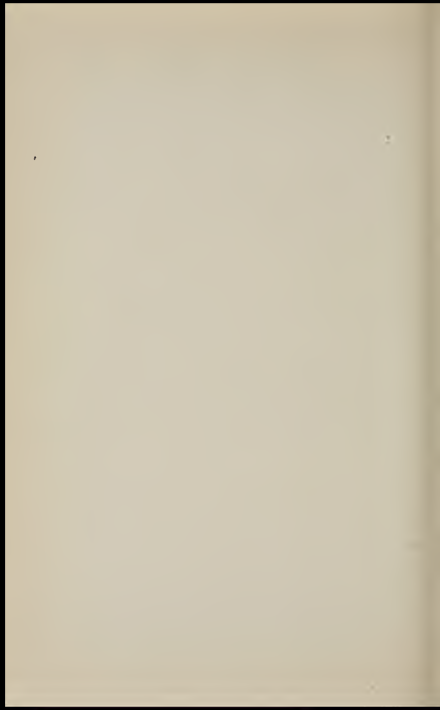
In 1876 Elder Stephen Ham and myself constituted Elkhorn church of Primitive Baptists, in Montgomery county, Missouri, twenty miles distant, with seven members. Soon after this the church built a splendid house of worship, and it now has twenty-five members and is in a prosperous condition. I have had the care of this church from its constitution.

In April, 1881, Elder S. A. Elkins, of Kentucky, moved within the bounds of our (Cuivre-Siloam) association. He took over half the burden from me, and has the care of four churches. He is truly a yokefellow in the gospel of our blessed Savior.

I have traveled and preached among the Primitive Baptists in six States, and, so far as I know, my preaching has been re-

ceived wherever I have been. I have averaged forty-five hundred miles a year, in traveling to preach, since 1872; have spent more than half my time in this manner, and can truly say, I have lacked nothing. I have baptized, during my short ministry, one hundred and seventy into the fellowship of the church, about one-fourth of them coming out from the Arminian organizations.

I have been constrained many times to praise the Lord, and say in the language of David, "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits." And of a truth I can say with the Psalmist, "Except the Lord build the house, [church,] they labor in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."



DOERS OF THE WORD.

New Harmony, Mo., April 7, 1872.

I have concluded to write a few lines for the consideration, and I hope to the comfort of God's children scattered up and down in this world of sin and sorrow.

"But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves."—Jas. i. 22. This text, as well as many more, has had the misfortune to fall into the hands of thieves and robbers, who have stripped it of its meaning and left it half dead to its owners. I mean such thieves and robbers as are aiming at heaven, not by the door of mercy opened by the blood and righteousness of Christ, but by climbing up some other way, a way not cast up, a way that is right in their own eyes, but in the judgment of God it is the way of death.

This thievery is robbing Christ of His honor, as the only way to the Father; and it is robbing God of His glory, who, in His pity and compassion to ruined man, contrived this way. But will a man rob God? Yes, he will (Jer. xxiii. 30). No wonder

then that He (Christ) says by the law of retaliation, "Behold, I come as a thief."

The text under consideration is applied, by the blind leaders of the blind, to all that make a fair show in the flesh, to such as appear in a voluntary humility, and to those who in a blind zeal compass sea and land to make proselytes to themselves, yea, and to all such as appear righteous before men.

Now if these be heirs of this text, then the Campbellites, with all the other conditional systems of the bond family, may claim it, for they all work. But does God work in them?

The poor and simple among the Jews assigned the kingdom of heaven to the scribes and Pharisees before all others, but then these poor things judged according to appearance and not a righteous judgment. And it is the case in this day; there are those that extol the form of godliness, but speak with all manner of contempt of the power; contend for the letter of the word, but sneer at the Spirit's application of it. But Christ assigned the Scribes and Pharisees to the greatest damnation, and adopted publicans and harlots in their room, and said, "Verily I say unto you, That the publicans and the harlots shall enter into the kingdom of God before you."

Before we give up this text let us inquire:

1. What is this "word?" and how received?

2. What is meant by "doers of the word?" and

3. They that do not the word are "deceiving your own selves?"

James, that great apostle, will tell us himself what he means by the "word." "Of His own will begat He us with the word of truth, that we should be a kind of firstfruits of His creatures." This word is the word of life, sent home to the heart, or soul, by God, and applied by the Holy Spirit. Here is the sovereign and good will of God set forth to the people, which implies that this begetting is "not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth." But the begetting of us is wholly owing to God's own free will and good pleasure, and so, also, is our new birth. It is "Not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God."

He begets us from a death in sin, from a death in law, and from a death to all the real service of God, to a life of faith, to a life in the Spirit, and to a lively hope by the resurrection of Christ from the dead. "He that is our God is the God of salvation; and

unto God the Lord belong the issues from death." Those that God begets are called the "firstfruits of His creatures."

But was all the harvest, all the crops of the holy land, carried into God's sanctuary?

No; only the firstfruits.

Was all that the fig tree or the pomegranate bore offered to God?

No; only the fruit that was first ripe.

And does God beget all His creatures to life by the word of truth?

No; only the firstfruits of His creatures. These fruits are gathered from among the rest, which are called creatures that bear untimely fruits, wild grapes, etc., and are called corrupt trees with corrupt fruit, and are distinguished from God's fruit by being called the vintage and harvest of the wicked.

But do those legal workers submit to the sovereign and good will of God?

No; they blaspheme the counsel of His will.

Are they begotten from death?

No; they are under the ministration of death, and stick to it, and contend for their own dead works.

Do they receive the word of truth, with which we are begotten, in an honest and good heart?

No; their doctrines, writings, sermons and confessions are not the word of truth, but confusion and falsehood.

The firstfruits of His creatures here spoken of, were the first ripe in the counsel of God, first ripe under the Sun of Righteousness; they first trusted in Christ and are the first that shall rise from the dead. Christ the firstfruits of all, and these the firstfruits of God's creatures in Him.

But, alas! these laborers, who "spend money for that which is not bread," and "labor for that which satisfieth not," these are sad enemies of these firstfruits, "redeemed from among men." They contend for the creature's power, and cleave to it; they contend for the world, for universal redemption; they despise the free woman, and love the bond; they hate Zion, and love Sinai; they lampoon the firstfruits, and affect the corrupt fruits.

And surely such works can never be called, Doing the word. For he that labors aright must first be a partaker of the fruits of the Spirit, and be himself taken out of the world, out of the flesh, and out of legal bondage and bondage of sin, before he can be called a firstfruit of God's creatures, or a "doer of the word."

Those who deny the fall of man, those who have a will and power of their own, who have a talent and a stock of inherent grace to improve, can never be James' "doers of the word" of truth, for he that does the word receives both the word and the power to do from God. "Do not err, my beloved brethren. Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights." So then he is a debtor to grace, for all that is good and perfect comes down from above. Then it can not be inherent in man.

And I am sure that fleshly perfection is not to be found among all the gifts that "come down from the Father of lights." Moreover, these are called God's gifts, and therefore not man's stock. Besides, the receiver of these gifts is led to view God as the immutable Jehovah, with whom is no variableness nor shadow of turning.

But this article is no part of their creed who make God to change in His love, in His mind and will, and in His gifts of life and grace, by asserting that these firstfruits may fall from redemption, from grace, and from the gift of eternal life and perish.

Furthermore, this "doer of the word" is one unto whom God hath granted repentance unto life. He is not one that hates the

light or rebels against the word of sovereign grace, but one of an "humble and contrite heart, that trembles at God's word;" for James intimates that this doer receives with meekness the ingrafted word, "which is able to save his soul." Because in opposition to all such as receive it in the head, and in theory, in word only, or in thorny ground, or in stony ground. And in opposition to all that received it as the word of man, it is received in an honest and a good heart, as the word of God which is quick and gives life, sharper than a sword and cuts its way, comes in power, and makes all high things that exalt themselves fall before it. It comes in much assurance, and raises the soul to God in faith in the Holy Ghost.

Regeneration is now done, a sinner born, it is received in love, and abides there, and it is the ingrafted word (Christ) and shall never be separated from the good tree that is made good by it. So mightily grows the word of God and prevails.



TO CUIVRE-SILOAM ASSOCIATION.

To the Churches Composing the Cuivre-Siloam Association of Regular Predestinarian Baptists, When Convened with the Siloam Church, in Pike Co., Mo., on the First Saturday in June, 1872:

Beloved Brethren:

Another year has rolled around, and opened to our view another page of the book of God's eternal purposes. And notwithstanding the bustle and strife, both of the political and religious world, God's goodness, mercy and grace has upheld and supported us to the present time. As it is our custom to present to you a Circular, containing some of the fundamental principles of the religion of Christ for your consideration, I will call your attention to the subject of salvation by grace as compared with a conditional salvation by works.

The doctrine of conditional salvation is rapidly increasing through a perversion of the revealed word of God by false teachers, and appeals made to carnal reason and

human sympathy. Under this, darkness has covered the earth and gross darkness the people. Under this darkness the God of heaven is viewed in a contracted or limited sense, and His great attributes called in question and denounced, and the great Sovereign of the universe reduced to less than a man. While the advocates of this system admit a final loss of some for which this salvation is made, they attribute their being lost to their not complying with such conditions as in their judgment would have saved them.

The term "salvation" signifies deliverance from the curse of the law. So if they, or any of them, are lost, or damned, they are not delivered, and if not delivered there is (or was) no salvation made for such, it was only made at and failed. So this failure can not be salvation to such as are damned, let the cause of the failure be in man for not complying, or in God for requiring, or in both. It is a failure, and if a failure, it can not benefit man, nor in the least degree reflect honor on God. And as all failure in business with men is caused, either by the want of means, or by lack of wisdom to manage the means so as to effect their purpose, either of these would be very stultifying conclusions to arrive at in

reference to Him who is wisdom itself, as it is said of Him, "I wisdom dwell with prudence, and find out knowledge of witty inventions." None would call a system of failure "witty inventions," for it can not justly be so called, and as this system of conditional salvation is attended with failures, God can not be the author of it.

I would here ask these conditionalists again, Did God foresee this original principle, or something that you contend for, in every human being, or only in such as should, or would, or do obey the conditions necessary to secure the atonement? If in everybody, why is it that all do not obey? If only in part, why did the perfect God-head make an atonement for such as he foresaw did not have this original something in them to cause them to do the things necessary in order that the atonement might be effectual in their salvation? Such an arrangement would be expressive of divine weakness and ignorance. But God be thanked, dear brethren, this is not the salvation of the God of Israel.

First, to show that it is not anything foreseen in us that this atonement was made, I will quote what the Scripture says: "According as He [the Father] hath chosen us, [Paul and the Ephesians whom he was

then addressing,] in Him [Christ, not something foreseen in man, but in Christ,] before the foundation of the world, that we should [not on conditions of obedience, but according to his choice,] be holy and without blame [not that he has chosen us on conditions in order to blame us for not complying with such conditions] before him in love."—Eph. i. 4. See also the 5th to 9th verses, all to the same point.

Again, "Who hath saved us [Paul, and all Christ's body elect] and called us, with an holy calling, not according to our works, [or in consideration of our works as a condition or cause of our being called or saved,] but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus [not in something foreseen in us] before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

Again; "Blessed be the God and Father of our [the same family] Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy [not according to our works or obedience] hath begotten us again unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead."—1 Pet. i. 3.

Paul says, "By grace are ye saved."—Eph. ii. 8. Not by something foreseen in us that we on our part would seek, knock, or yield; neither prayer, repentance, or com-

pliance with any spiritual injunction in order to make the atonement effectual, for Paul denies works in this same connection, and how can conditions be complied with without works? I leave the conditionalists to answer.

It is "Through faith, [not through something foreseen in or done by us] and that not of yourselves." Even faith is not of the Christian. How then can the dead sinner comply with conditions when it is through faith only, and "all men have not faith," and "without faith it is impossible to please God." So all the sinner does without faith does not please God, and if it does not please Him it displeases Him. We would not expect pay for doing that which did not please a man, but displeased him. Neither is God pleased with such work, but displeased. And His displeasure rests equally upon all who teach or believe such inconsistencies respecting His exalted attributes.

But He is well pleased for Christ's sake, not for something foreseen in us, or done by us in time. "It [faith] is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast." Here Paul denies that either faith or grace, which include all the graces of the Spirit, to-wit: Our calling from death to life, repentance, forgiveness, justification

and glorification, Paul denies any of it being of works, or of ourselves. Not only so, but he declares it to be of God.

Now if God's word does not lie, the conditionalist does, and Christ has said, "My word is truth." They that deny the word lie, and God will damn them because they believe not the truth, but take pleasure in unrighteousness. God has never owned the doctrine of conditional salvation, but has denied it by His prophets, His apostles, His Son. and by the faithful Primitive Baptists, His church.

I will investigate hastily this indefinite, or universal atonement. I hold that there is no one doctrine that is more opposed to another, than a scriptural view of redemption is to the Arminian scheme of redemption, or indefinite atonement. I call it, by way of distinction, indefinite redemption, but it is in fact no redemption at all. The absurdity of the system may be further proved by the following argument: If Christ died only for sin abstractly, and His death be not vicarious, then no sinner in particular can have any special interest or property in His death, and Paul labored under a mistake when expressing his faith in the Son of God. He said, "Who loved me, and gave Himself for me." An atonement

for sin abstractly, and an indefinite redemption, are both equally absurd. There can be no redemption where individuals are not ransomed, and there can not be an atonement where persons are not concerned. An atonement may be made for offenses which one man commits against another, but an atonement for offenses abstractly is unintelligible. An atonement may be made, and was made, for the offenses of sinners, but an atonement for sin as sin is an absurdity.

Associated with atonement is reconciliation. Among men, when an offense is atoned for, the injured is satisfied, and reconciliation ensues. So when Christ died for the sins of His elect, or people, atonement was made, satisfaction was given, and reconciliation took place. "Being now freely justified by His [God's] grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus."—Rom. iii. 24. "For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life."—Rom. v. 10. But on the supposition that Christ died for sin in the abstract, who, or what, is, or can be, reconciled? But, dear brethren, the testimony of God is truth, and will

stand when all human creeds and systems must and will fail.

I will now prove that there was an absolute transfer of the sins of those God the Father from the beginning chose to salvation, to Christ. Paul declares, "He [Christ] was made to be sin for us, [or His people], who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."—2 Cor. v. 21. "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness; by whose stripes ye are healed."—1 Pet. ii. 24. We are also told that He bore the sins of many, and that He finished transgression, and made an end to sin; made reconciliation for iniquity, and brought in everlasting righteousness; sealed up the vision of the prophecies, and was anointed the Most Holy when He was raised from the dead for our justification. Paul further declares to the Colossians, "And you, being dead in your sins and the uncircumcision of your flesh, hath He quickened together with Him, having forgiven you all trespasses; blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, which was contrary to us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to His cross."

It is further affirmed by the work mongers of to-day that the sinner must exercise faith and repentance or the atonement will avail him nothing. Such a position is putting the effect before the cause, for all the blessings of the new covenant, including faith and repentance, are made sure to the sinner through the suffering, death and resurrection of our Savior. In His dying agony upon the tree He said, "It is finished." He saw His seed, and the travail of His soul, and was satisfied. "By His knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many." He was, and is, the Captain of our salvation, made perfect through suffering, in bringing many sons unto glory. The satisfaction rendered to law and justice by the death of Christ is in every respect complete and perfect for all the promises, both for time and eternity. Paul said, "God, who spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, [all the heirs of promise], how shall He not with Him freely give us all things?" So then faith, repentance, as all other graces of the Spirit, are the gift of God through Christ to His children. Faith is the gift of God, the fruit of the Spirit; repentance is also a gift, for Christ is exalted at the right hand of God a Prince and a Savior to give (not to offer to

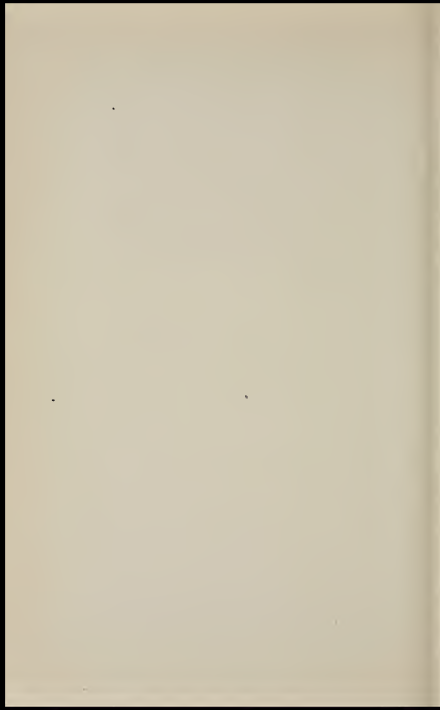
them) repentance to Israel and remission of sins.

So then none ever possess or have saving faith, only those who are born again, quickened and made alive by the Spirit of God. For the flesh profiteth nothing, it is the Spirit that maketh alive. Faith being a vital act, it proceeds from a vital principle. True repentance likewise, for a godly sorrow worketh repentance that is not to be repented of. Here Paul sets forth repentance as an effect produced from a godly sorrow, not from an obligation. This perverted gospel, that proclaims men are under obligations to repent, separate from the cause that produces it, is a contradiction of terms, and darkens counsel.

Now, dear brethren, in view of this great salvation, through which all the graces of the Spirit flow to us poor sinners, can you not join the apostle and proclaim, "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God; therefore, the world knoweth us not, because it knew Him not." "We love Him because He first loved us." And, brethren, "This is the message that ye heard from the beginning, that we should love one another;" and not act as Cain who slew his brother, by backbiting

and trying to devour your brother. How destructive that is to the peace and prosperity of Zion! especially when it is among the ministry. We are told not only to love in word, but in deed and in truth. "Be ye holy as I am holy, saith the Lord."

And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified. Farewell.



LAW AND GRACE.

Curryville, Mo., Nov. 26, 1876.

Dear Brother Jackson:

The press of business for the past four weeks, with such a family, has prevented me from complying with your request until now, and without any apology for my ignorance and incapacity to write to edification, I will proceed.

"Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage."—Gal. v. 1. It is evident from the text, as well as from the context, that the Galatian church was under the influence of false teachers; those who taught for doctrine the commandments of men, a law righteousness, and turned their faith from a finished salvation and righteousness in Christ, to trust in their own works and services tended to the sacrificial law, which service only rendered to bring them into bondage again.

The apostle marveled that they were so soon removed from Him who called them

into the grace of Christ, unto another gospel, "Which is not another," but a perversion of the gospel of Christ. They preached Christ, but not a Savior without their works or service to the ceremonial law, from which service, or bondage, Christ had made them free by the sacrifice of Himself. And for this cause He is the Mediator of the new testament, that by the means of death, for the redemption of the transgressors who were under the first testament, they which are called might receive the promise of eternal inheritance.

Therefore, Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believes. He is a full and complete Savior, for by one offering He hath perfected forever them that are sanctified, and magnified and made honorable the law when He died for our sins and rose again for our justification. The sufferings and death of Christ made us free from the law of sin and death, God sending His own Son in fulfillment of the promise made to Abraham, that the inheritance might not be of the law, but of faith.

The apostle declares the covenant confirmed of God in Christ, the law, which was four hundred and thirty years after, can

not make the promise of none effect. For if the inheritance be of the law, it is then no more of promise; but God gave it to Abraham by promise. "Wherefore then serveth the law?" There is no life, no salvation, no righteousness, no spiritual blessing, no eternal inheritance, in the law, but all is in Christ, the seed that was to come. To whom was the promise made? God's elect or chosen people, the heirs of promise. For God said, "His name shall be called Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins;" not to make it possible by which sinners could save themselves by obedience to the law, for if there had been a law given that could have given life, verily righteousness (salvation) would have been by the law.

But that no man is justified by the law in the sight of God is evident, for the just shall live by faith, and the law is not of faith. The apostle affirms that it is by faith that it might be by grace, to the end that the promise might be sure to all the seed.

You see, my brother, that it is by grace we are saved, through faith, and that not of ourselves, it is the gift of God; not of works, for we are His (God's) workmanship, created (born) unto good works, and this is the effect of life, as is faith, for who-

soever "believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is born of God." The birth, or life, is the cause; faith and obedience to the laws and ordinances of Christ's kingdom, are the effect.

In order to accomplish this great work, a finished salvation, He (Christ) possessed all power in heaven and in earth, and over all flesh, that He should give eternal life to as many as the Father gave Him, that they might know God and Jesus, whom the Father hath sent—our life, our salvation, our righteousness. For by the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus we are made free from the law of sin and death. By the law of God's everlasting covenant in Christ the heirs of promise are made free from sin, free from condemnation, free from all sacrificial law, for if the Son make you free, ye shall be free indeed. "Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free."

My sheet is full, and I have only glanced at the subject.

SUPPORT OF THE MINISTRY.

I propose to show the source of the support of the gospel minister from apostolic example.

Ministerial support has always been a matter of delicacy with ministers of Christ to touch upon, lest their congregations should cry that they preach for and want money. But as I am a country rustic, and do not possess town politeness with the Greek and Latin schoolmen in broadcloth, and have not yet learned to swagger—walk in style—with graceful hypocrisy, to get money, or make merchandise of men by the gospel ministry, I hope I shall be excused and that it will not be thought strange that such an unmannerly fellow should poke about upon ground too delicate for well bred men to put a foot upon.

As the support of the gospel ministry is of great importance to the preacher, his wife and children, the church of God, and sinners in general, I shall treat this subject at some length, and impartially, from the word of God.

How much is a minister of the gospel entitled to while preaching? All he can get by bargaining with a people? All he can get by finding out vacancies and pressing down on their necessities? All he can get because he is a man of better talent than others? All he can get because he has been to school at some cost for grammar, Greek and Latin? All he can get, or he will not preach at all?

I answer, No; none of these measures are in harmony with the disposition of God's ministers.

But how much?

Those that ministered about holy things were partakers with the altar. Just as much as God prescribed by the law of Moses for the support of the priests was their due, and no more. Even so, just as much as Christ and His apostles have prescribed for the ministers' support under the gospel is their due, and no more.

And how much is that?

The amount is, first, contained in the directions of Christ to His apostles, as I will proceed to show—"The workman is worthy of his meat;" and in the examples of the churches; and in the directions of the apostles to the churches for ministerial support.

This ministerial support is of three sorts:

1. The gospel has a heart opening power to support the bearers of this divine message. "And Zacchæus stood, and said unto the Lord, Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor."—Luke xix. 8. Here you see how his heart was opened when the gospel was brought home to his heart, while Jesus was kindly entertained in the bargain. "Neither was there any among them that lacked; for as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold, and laid them down at the apostles' feet; and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need."—Acts iv. 34, 35. So you can see plainly how the apostles, who took no scrip in their purses, nor coats, nor shoes, and went by Christ's directions in the first instance, were supported by the heart opening power of the gospel.

But, again, a case full in point, "And a certain woman named Lydia, a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatira, which worshipped God, heard us; whose heart the Lord opened, that she attended unto the things which were spoken of Paul. And when she was baptized, and her household, she be-

sought us, saying, If ye have judged me to be faithful to the Lord, come into my house and abide there. And she constrained us.” —Acts xvi. 14, 15. Hear the woman, with a God opened heart, (in harmony with God’s promise, “Lo, I am with you,”), to a strange preacher, in a strange city, carrying the gospel to a heathen city on a special call by a vision, who himself says, Poor, and suffering nakedness, and the loss of all things, and as possessing nothing, no money, I judge, nowhere to abide, “And she constrained us.”

Did she constrain the apostles? Indeed; then she acted like she was in good earnest, and her heart truly opened to receive a strange preacher, though a heathen woman, and entertain him that had no missionary funds. Go thou and do likewise.

Time would fail me to enumerate cases in point from the scriptures. But once more, “For it hath pleased them of Macedonia and Achaia to make a certain contribution for the poor saints which are at Jerusalem.”—Rom. xv. 26. Mark that, if you please, as the power of the gospel to open the heathen hearts, and their sending to Jerusalem as in perfect opposition to the missionary plans. The 27th verse clears the point—“It hath pleased them, verily; and

their debtors they are [the heathen]. For if the Gentiles have been made partakers of their spiritual things, their duty [the Gentiles' duty] is also to minister to them in carnal things."

Now if it was the duty of the Gentiles it could not be the duty of the Jews, for the same duty can not lay on both sides of the question. Then it was not the duty of the Jews to give both the gospel and their carnal things, and it can not be our duty to beg money and send preachers to any people.

But the plan of Christ, and the example of the apostles, will not suit the hearts of proud spirits. They desire to appear in a foreign country in style and aggrandizement for self and posterity, and live in luxury, ease and pomp, like ministers of state. Therefore a plan has been sought out to please the flesh better, but it has no command from Christ, nor example from apostles or prophets. So says the writer, after a thorough examination of the word of God.

2. The second way of a minister's support, is by his own labor. "Yea, ye yourselves know, that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me. [Oh! this is the manner;

work and preach, that he might not be chargeable to any of them, but help others also.] I have shewed you all things, how that so laboring ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, [what!], how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive."—Acts xx. 34, 35. "I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel."—Acts xx. 33. Let the churches of God hear! This is the man and his conduct proves what he says.

But these money hunters and covetous priests would have you believe the blessings lay in receiving since they can never cry, Enough. It puts me in mind of a cat after his tail, round and round, having to dance the same jig of begging over and over again, and their covetous desires never to be satisfied.

"So laboring," says Paul to his brethren. And he shows his own example to enforce industry upon his brethren.

But many preachers in black broadcloth, cracking boots, gold watch chains and silver headed canes, perhaps think because they have been to school and know some smattering of grammar, Greek, Latin and theological divinity, that the people must maintain them in idle luxury and superfluity of dress, and that work would

hurt their fair hands, take off their studies from bombast and pulpit pomposity. I would not give a fig for the whole game. A Christian would starve to death under their ministry, pay his money, and they appear in grandeur and style on the honest, laboring part of the community, laugh in their sleeve, and go off with their unscriptural booty. For although they profess to be sheep feeders, many of them are sheep wounders and shearers, and go off with the fleece.

3. Now we come to the third and last method of a gospel minister's support.

"Let him that is taught in the word communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things,"—Gal. vi. 6. Here, my brethren, you can not be deceived or misunderstand. The taught have to give.

To whom?

"Unto him that teacheth."

Give what?

"In all good things."

Now who are the taught?

I say, First, saints; second, sinners. Although thousands receive no benefit by teaching, yet the teacher is laboring for their good as much as in him lieth, as well as for the good of the saints. And it exactly agrees with Christ's directions, "For

- the workman is worthy of his meat."—
Matt. x. 10.

How much of "all good things?"

Oh! that is left out. The text does not say one-third, one-fourth, or one-tenth. Hence it is left by the word of God with the will of the giver to say how much of his good things he will give to the man that teaches him. So you see by this text that saints, sinners and heathen are bound to give to the man that teaches them of their good things, but according to their own will as God has prospered them. And that is the right way.

And because proud and lazy fops want to handle the good things of their hearers, whether they will or not, law, and begging, and selling membership into societies have been invented by the different sects to force that will to the preacher's gain.

Anything you see the man that teaches you needs, food or clothing for himself and family, (these are good things), you are bound by the word of God to give, according to his needs, (not his superfluities), whether you be saint or sinner, according to your ability; and this I take to be the spirit of the text.

Now for making plain further as to what measure and what spirit, take the following

scriptures: "As a matter of bounty, and not as of covetousness. But this I say, He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully."—2 Cor. ix. 5, 6. "And for your liberal distributions unto them and to all men."—2 Cor. ix. 13.

Now I will give you a text that when you go to give anything to the man that teaches you, will tell you to the one-hundredth part of a cent how much you are to give according to the gospel law, whether you be poor or rich. Here it comes: "Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; [now with what spirit?]; not grudgingly, or of necessity; [and why?]; for God loveth a cheerful giver."—2 Cor. ix. 7. Now you see how much the gospel plan requires of you to give—just as much as you purpose in your heart. And do not give more nor less than you give freely and cheerfully, neither by law nor persuasion. If you do, it will be "grudgingly, or of necessity," and so not a gospel offering to God. Then the law and begging religion, and the title selling religion, too, are a perversion of the order of the gospel in support of the gospel ministry. And, generally, what the heart first indites is the most correct rule to go by in this duty

required of God toward the man that teaches us.

It is the duty of all men, whether willing or not, to do it. "Even so hath the Lord ordained, that they which preach the gospel should live of the gospel."—1 Cor. ix. 14. How? Let verse 13 answer: "Do ye not know, that they which minister about holy things live of the things of the temple? and they which wait at the altar are partakers with the altar?" Thus you see the priest was supported, and that was his right and no more.

Then by the rule of God's word, laid down by command of Christ (instead of Moses) and His apostles, in conduct, example and command to the churches, has God ordained that His ministers which preach the gospel should live of the gospel, and not by selling titles into societies, and begging money for their support—practices that have no precedent in the word of God, and are the inventions of men.

If Christ and John the Baptist lived any other way than by the voluntary support of the world, not one instance of such support appears in the whole history of their lives. The whole New Testament shows that the apostles lived on their own labor and the

voluntary support of their brethren and the world.

You will perhaps say that I have torn down everything and set up nothing. But I now come to set up the old way, the good way of ancient times, used by Christ and His apostles, who, I think, knew best.

Take notice to the following quotations of scripture:

"The workman is worthy of his meat."
—Matt. x. 10.

"Let him that is taught in the word, communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things."—Gal. vi. 6.

"If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things?"—1 Cor. ix. 11.

"Who goeth a warfare any time at his own charges?"—1 Cor. ix. 7.

"Who planteth a vineyard and eateth not of the fruit thereof?"—1 Cor. ix. 7.

"Who feedeth a flock, and eateth not of the milk of the flock."—1 Cor. ix. 7.

"Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn."—1 Cor. ix. 9.

"For even in Thessalonica ye sent once and again unto my necessity. Not because I desire a gift; but I desire fruit that may abound to your account."—Phil. iv. 16, 17.

“He [Jesus] went throughout every city and village, preaching and shewing the glad tidings of the kingdom of God; and the twelve were with Him; and certain women which had been healed of evil spirits and infirmities, Mary called Magdalene, out of whom went seven devils, and Joanna, the wife of Chuza, Herod’s steward, and Susanna, and many others, which ministered unto Him of their substance.”—Luke viii. 1-3.

“The Lord give mercy unto the house of Onesiphorus; for he oft refreshed me, and was not ashamed of my chain.”—2 Tim. i. 16.

“For we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus’ sake.”—2 Cor. iv. 5.

“Feed the flock of God which is among you, taking the oversight thereof, not by constraint, but willingly; not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind.”—1 Pet. v. 2.

“What is my reward then? Verily that, when I preach the gospel, I may make the gospel of Christ without charge, that I abuse not my power in the gospel [or not sell the gospel].”—1 Cor. ix. 18.

“Freely you have received, freely give.”—Matt. x. 8.

“Even so hath the Lord ordained, that they which preach the gospel should live of the gospel.”—1 Cor. ix. 14.

How live of the gospel?

Like the above texts point out, or as they that attend at the altar are partakers with the altar, bountifully, cheerfully; not sparingly or grudgingly, nor of necessity; but "every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give."—2 Cor. ix. 7.

Now all these sixteen texts nearly concentrate in this one point—"Let him that is taught in the word, communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things," or "The workman is worthy of his meat."

But for me to eat of the milk of the flock I do not feed, or eat the fruit of another man's vineyard, or to feed the ox that plows for my neighbor, or pay the soldier that does not fight for the government of which I am a member, or pay the man who does not labor for me or teach me, can not be right, nor is it according to scripture for ministerial support.

Hence, all the Mission plan of begging, and selling pound cakes and titles, and lotteries, and strawberry festivals, are wrong, and impose burdens for which you can not produce even one express text in the scriptures that the prophets or apostles ever practiced such a traffic for ministerial support. And this second-hand giving is the evil committed. The giver contributes

to one end, and the boards do as they please with the money, divide it between "Tom, Dick and Harry."

Some of our churches pay their preacher by subscription, and about one-third pay one-half of what they subscribe by hard dunning, and the others never pay. My advice to the deacons is, To burn the subscription with what is due, for I presume no minister of God wants the balance. Brethren, you ought to be ashamed of such conduct, for can you ask a minister of the gospel to ride ten, twenty or forty miles in the scorching sun, or in the face of a cold north wind, to comfort you with the words of life, more precious than fine gold or any of the things of this life, for twenty-five cents? or fifty cents? or even one dollar? which some professors think is doing mightily in paying the preacher for a year's services; and he serves you at the neglect of his business and family, perhaps twenty, thirty or forty days in the year, for a dollar, or perhaps for nothing.

My dear brethren, how will you account to God who has made it your duty from His word to communicate your good things bountifully and cheerfully to the man that teaches you, for your sparing, grudging, and covetous disposition in this case, when

the gospel, common reason, the law of nations, and of shepherds, vinedressers, farmers, and the law of brotherly love, teach you better?

But your covetousness can find evasions of conscience and scripture to get around this duty to your God and your brother.

But perhaps you will say, "The preacher is as rich as I am." That does not lessen your duty to the man that teaches you.

And you will say, "The minister had as well work as I." This is false. He works for your spiritual good, and you are bound by the word to give him of your carnal things.

"But," says one, "God sent the minister to preach, and he has as much time to preach as I have to hear." You are a wicked and disobedient professor to the command of God.

"God sends and pays," says another, "and I do not thank him for preaching for me." Thou art no better than an Arab, who, while his camel carries spices, will let him feed on thistles at least, that grow spontaneously.

"I must take care of myself and family," says another, "and the minister must look out for himself." Will you tell me, dear brother, how you get around the word of

God, and how you will settle with God for your neglect of this duty, whether you be saint or sinner?

It is not a duty that man requireth, but God; it is not a duty that man has a right to enforce by law or otherwise, but to which you are, by the New Testament, left as entirely free as you are to pray or let it alone; it makes one of those duties we owe to God and our brother, for the neglect of which you must shortly account.

How do you feel, my brethren, to see your pastor, or the man that teaches you, on a tour of preaching, wearing an old hat full of holes, no great coat to keep him warm, an old saddle torn all to pieces in the seat, hardly any skirts, rope stirrups, line bridle, and an old horse that can hardly trot, dragging his feet every step? Yet it proves his love and desire for the cause of Christ, under all this shame and self-denial to take up his cross, prostrate his pride, and go forth to preach the gospel of Christ to dying sinners.

My God! It would seem that laudable pride would teach you better, much more the commandments of God! You are in your pleasure carriages, plated harness, broadcloth suits, silk and satin dresses; in

this style appearing at your meeting to hear your brother preach.

Where is the love of God? what is its fruits?

Where is the professed love of your preacher? what is its fruits?

Where is the sense of duty to God and man? what is its fruits?

Publicans and sinners in state do better than this, and yet you say, "O, brother, come preach for us; we want to hear you preach; we love to hear you preach; we want you to attend us."

But only mention money to help the preacher and his family comfortably through the world, and such professors are struck dumb, and their mouths shut almost as fast as the mouths of Daniel's lions; all good feeling departs, and they take up the cry, "money-hunter!" It shows that such professors love their style, their pride, their grandeur, their great name and grand appearance at home, at church and in the world, more than they love God, their minister, their duty, the gospel, or the prosperity of the church.

These stylish professors should read this text: "Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not highminded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the

living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life."—1 Tim. vi. 17, 18. Some such I know, who are worth from ten thousand to forty thousand dollars, can make out to spare their preacher fifty cents or a dollar for a year's services.

And now to conclude on this point. It appears from the scriptures that the general tenor is this: Every man "that is taught in the word communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things," for I have learned almost every text in the scriptures on this subject by heart. This is a duty required by God under the gospel dispensation wherever the messengers thereof shall come. The manner of this duty should be bountifully and cheerfully as he may purpose in his heart to give. And there is no other plan of ministerial support warranted by the New Testament.

I tell you, my brethren, that the support of the ministry by the voluntary contribution of the church and the world, as laid down by precept and example of Christ and His apostles, will exist and be prac-

ticed by the church of 'God when all men-made and unscriptural systems will be sunk in the vortex of reproach and oblivion, and the practices accursed by the church of God.

It is as plain as "a b c" that all the money matters of the church of God belong to the office of deacon, and that they were first chosen to that office for the purpose of strictly attending to the secular concerns of the church. It is not the office of the minister of the gospel, in whole nor in part, to attend to the moneyed concerns of the church of God, much less to go about begging for money for church service. To invade the office of deacon he must neglect the word, disgrace his ministerial character, and by dividing what he gets at his trade, he manifests himself a hireling, and a covetous priest, to the weakening of the power of his ministerial services in the minds of his hearers. They feel that it is our money he wants and not our souls.

There is another thing common among the churches that is equally detrimental to the feelings of pastors and churches, and that is this: Some, if not all the churches, when they have a brother visit them and preach two or three sermons, the deacon, or some active member in the church, will

raise every dollar he can in the church and out of it, some twenty, thirty or forty dollars, for the visiting preacher, and neglect their pastor. Is not this sufficient conduct of any church to say to a pastor, "We think more of 'comers and goers' than we do of you?" Is it not sufficient to say, "We do not thank you for preaching for us, but others we thank, yea, and will pay them in the bargain?"

Yea, this conduct of churches puts me in mind of some people who will make a great feast on Sunday for comers and goers and starve their own servants all the week; or like some others who will make splendid entertainments for genteel folks, but hardly give poor people any notice.

Is not this, dear brethren, muzzling the mouth of the ox (your own preacher) that treadeth out the gospel grain for you? Or is it not neglecting to communicate to him that teacheth you, to his and your own hurt, and shows your disobedience to the divine command? Let the churches be ashamed of such conduct! Are not the services of your pastor worth as much as that of others? Are not his labors equally deserving of your bounty and liberality?

Yes, but you will say that it is too much to pay them all. Then does not reason and

right say, Pay your pastor first, and then not leave the other undone. If you do, you violate the divine command—"Let him that is taught in the word communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things." If you fail in either, you are guilty of the breach of the divine rule, however much you may complain, and you will not complain much if you are not covetous, for the yoke is easy and the burden is light to the liberal and obedient son who loves his God, for he that loves Him keeps His commandments, and his delight is in the law of his God.

And there is another thing, as I am a country rustic, of which I must take notice, and that is this: Where a preacher is pretty well to do, or rich, a great number of professors and churches that he attends think he is entitled to nothing from them because he is able to live without help. I defy every child of God now living to show in the New Testament any difference in the dues of God's ministers for preaching, or any difference in their power over the churches.

Bishops of dioceses, or bishops of certain districts, are oppressors of the church of God, and are of men and the devil's making. Such presbyteries as these that pre-

side over churches in a district, are usurpers of the church of God, and trampers on the rights of Christians.

In the church of God all men are equal and free; and the gifts bestowed on ministers are only to make them "overseers," "watchmen," "shepherds," "examples," "nurses," "paps" and "servants" to the church of God for edification, and not lord bishops over God's heritage. "For," says Paul, "ye are all one in Christ Jesus;" and Jesus says, "He that is greatest among you let him be servant of all."

So then, it is an entire mistake that one preacher has, from the New Testament, more power than another, or has a right to more pay for preaching than another according to gospel law for churches.

But the scripture says that you should "communicate unto him that teacheth" you. Do not forget that it does not say, If he be a poor man. So then, you are bound to communicate unto the rich. But I shall rather say, Enlarge your bounty to the poor; this you should do and not leave the other undone. And when they have worn themselves out in your service, so they can no longer preach much, to then forget them and their aged companions, is, I say, the

height of ingratitude, and must be offensive to God.

Now I am done, and that the God of heaven may seal the truth of this communication to the hearts of His people, and that His ministers may no longer be sacrificed on the walls of Zion, is the prayer of the writer.



SUMMARY OF DIARY—1881 TO 1889.

During the year 1881, together with the churches of his regular pastorate, Elder Branstetter visited the following churches: Elk Horn, Little Bethel, Siloam, Sand Run, Bear Creek, Bryant's Creek, Flint Hill and Hopewell (Ill.).

Associations visited were as follows: Mt. Gilead, Concord, Salem and Sangamon in Illinois; Cuivre-Siloam, Two River, Salem and Mt. Zion in Missouri. Besides these places he made two tours of preaching of about two weeks each.

The number of days spent was 165, preached 144 sermons, traveled 4,813 miles, expended \$70.50 and received \$260.45.

During the year he baptized four persons and married three couples; for the last service he received \$13.00.

The following named churches were visited during the year 1882: Elk Horn, Pisgah, Bryant's Creek, Little Bethel, Siloam, Nebo, (Ill.), Middle Fork and Sardis-Bethlehem, besides some outside appointments.

He visited the Mt. Gilead and Concord associations in Illinois, and the Cuivre-Siloam, Two River, Yellow Creek and Fishing River associations in Missouri. November was spent in Kentucky and Indiana.

He spent 145 days, preached 106 sermons, traveled 5,359 miles, was out in expense \$76.40, and received \$141.60.

He baptized two persons and married three couples, receiving \$20.00 in marriage fees.

In 1883 he preached at Siloam, Elk Horn, Sand Run, Bryant's Creek, Little Bethel, Union (Ill.), Middle Fork, Sardis, (Chariton Co., Mo.), and Bear Creek. Besides these points he preached at Curryville and Kirksville, and attended funerals.

The associations attended were, Two River, Hazel Creek, Cuivre-Siloam, Concord, (Ill.), Fishing River and Mt. Zion. In December he made a tour among the churches in Illinois and Indiana.

The total number of days spent was 172, 141 sermons were delivered, he traveled 4,760 miles, received \$165.03 and had \$68.10 expense.

The number of persons baptized was five, and married one couple, for which he received \$1.00.

In the diary for 1884 the names of the following churches appear: Elk Horn, Girard, (Ill.), Bryant's Creek, Flint Hill, Siloam, Little Bethel, Little Blue, Mauvaisterre, (Ill.), Bear Creek and Palestine; besides these he preached at Bible Chapel, Curryville, Prairie and Ellis school houses, and conducted several funerals.

The associations attended were, Morgan, (Ill.), Cuivre-Siloam, Two River, Spoon River, (Ill.), and Mt. Zion. He also made a tour of fifteen days among the churches in Mt. Zion association.

The whole number of days spent in traveling and preaching was 181, during which time he delivered 142 sermons, traveling 4,757 miles at an expense of \$78.15, and receiving \$173.00.

During this year he baptized eleven persons, and married three couples, receiving \$18.00 for the latter service.

For 1885 we find the following list of places visited and at which he preached: Churches, Mauvaisterre, Siloam, Bryant's Creek, Elk Horn, Walnut Branch, Union, Little Bethel; at private homes and outside appointments.

He attended the following associations: Morgan, Cuivre-Siloam, Two River, Lamine River, Yellow Creek, Fishing River and

Mt. Zion. Eighteen days were spent among churches in Illinois.

Total number of days 147, sermons 126, miles traveled 4,130, expenses \$80.20, contribution received \$150.45.

During this year he baptized one person.

The churches named in the diary for 1886 were, Goshen, Mauvaisterre, Sni-a-Bar, Bear Creek, Siloam, Elk Horn, Little Bethel, Oak Grove and New Liberty. Besides these he visited seven churches in Ray and Clay counties, Missouri, and made a tour of ten days in Illinois. He notes that he attended a Sunday School convention and made two speeches against Sunday schools.

Associations visited are named as follows: Morgan, (Ill.), Cuivre-Siloam, Two River, Kaskaskia, (Ill.), Licking (Ky.), and Mt. Zion.

Total number of days 177, sermons delivered 148, miles traveled 6,397, expenses \$102.90, amount received \$222.50. Three persons were baptized and one marriage solemnized.

Names of churches visited in 1887 appear as follows: Elk Horn, Goshen, Mauvaisterre, Fancy Point, Siloam, Little Bethel, Oak Grove and Pisgah. A tour was made in February in the states of Indiana

and Ohio, one in October in Illinois, and one in December among the churches of Missouri.

The associations attended were, Mt. Gilead, Cuivre Siloam, Two River, Salem, (Ill.), Concord (Ill.) and Mt. Zion.

Total number of days spent 210, sermons preached 216, miles traveled 7,583, expenses \$143.90, contributions, \$294.55.

Fourteen persons were baptized and married two couples.

The churches usually attended appear in the diary for the year 1888. The associations visited were, Mt. Gilead, Cuivre-Siloam, Sangamon, (Ill.), Two River and Mt. Zion.

Total number of days 134, sermons delivered 116, miles traveled 8,076 miles, expenses \$92.44, contributions \$193.10. Five persons were baptized and one marriage solemnized.

The diary ends with August 24, 1889. Number of days 50, preached 36 sermons, traveled 1,885 miles, expended \$33.00, amount received \$95.50. Two persons were baptized.

NOTE—The diary shows that in the eight and one-half years he spent 1,381 days in actual travel and preaching, delivered 1,175 sermons, traveled 47,760 miles,

received \$1,696.18, of which he paid out for expenses in travel \$785.59. What remained after the expense of travel was deducted would amount to 65 cents a day for the time spent away from home, from which the sacrifice that he made for the cause can be clearly seen. This amount would not begin to compensate him for the loss of time from his business, to say nothing of the time that must be spent at home in study, and the expense of clothing.

So it clearly appears that instead of the churches helping him to sustain his family, as Elder Branstetter plainly shows is their duty in his article on "The Support of the Ministry," he took from his own labor and family that he might serve the churches.

But it should be remarked that he came into the ministry shortly after the division on the Mission question, and no doubt the opposition to the money system of the Missionary faction had an effect to influence the churches to do so little. But the writings of Elder Branstetter show that he believed that "they which preach the gospel should live of the gospel," though he himself loved the cause well enough to make any sacrifice for it.—Publisher.

OBITUARY.

Elder Peter L. Branstetter was born in Pike county, Missouri, February 11, 1825, and died April 16, 1891, at the age of sixty-five years, two months and five days. He united with the Primitive Baptist church in August, 1844, and was ordained to the work of the ministry in April, 1864, by Elders Wm. Davis, Wm. Priest and S. P. Rogers, and I feel certain that those eminent ministers never had cause to regret laying their hands on him, for surely his whole life was an evidence of faithfulness to God who called him, and also to his brethren who had the utmost confidence in him.

Elder Branstetter was reared at a time when schools in Missouri were scarce, and did not have the advantage of even a common education. But after he began preaching he was very studious and became familiar with the scriptures which he held in the highest esteem, considering them all-sufficient for the instruction of the church, and

a perfect defense against all forms of false doctrine. He frequently exhorted his brethren to search the scriptures which would always lead them right in doctrine and practice. He also obtained considerable knowledge of church history.

He became afflicted with cancer in 1888, which grew very rapidly and baffled all efforts to stop it. He complained very little of his sufferings, only while being treated by some one of the many doctors who attended him. When he first became afflicted he had great horror of mind in thinking he would be eaten up with cancer, but he became reconciled to his condition, and realized the enjoyment of dying grace, as our dear Lord has promised to all his children. He was twice married, and was the father of twenty children, of which fourteen are living, together with his second wife, who mourn their irreparable loss. May God's blessings rest upon them, and especially our dear sister in her loneliness. I can only say to them, Try to put your trust in Him who has said that He will be a Father to the fatherless and a widow's God.

The demise of our dear brother has thrown a feeling of gloom over the churches of Cuivre-Siloam association, which had so long enjoyed his faithful labors in the min-

istry. But we would try to be still and know that God does all things well, and that He knows best, and that our loss is his gain.

I had the pleasure of visiting him frequently during his affliction, and he spoke with bright anticipation of his future rest, and I sorrow not as for those who have no hope. The remains were laid away in the burying ground at Siloam church, there to await the resurrection morn, when he shall come forth to be fashioned like unto the glorious Son of God. O, dear children of God, what a blessed thought!

S. A. ELKINS.

Middletown, Mo., April 25, 1890.

NOTE—The following letter was written to Elder S. A. Elkins by Elder Branstetter near the last days of his life.—Pub.

Dear Brother in Sorrow and Affliction:

My last sermon was preached at Bryant's Creek on the fifth Sunday in June, 1889. My ministry is at an end, and my earthly career closed so far as my work is concerned. And my dear Brother Elkins, my dying request is that you contend for the truth of God and His glorious grace, which can and does save such a sinner as poor me.

Farewell, my brother, I am going home.
After a few days we will meet here no
more, but hope to meet with the blessed
Jesus in glory.

PETER L. BRANSTETTER.

CHARACTER SKETCH.

There is no task, perhaps, more difficult and yet more pleasant than to undertake to present in words the history of man's life, even if it be but to note a few of the many incidents by which the real character is to be understood. In the fear of the Almighty God, I hope not to say anything that would lead the reader to believe or think of this truly great man, of whom I am writing, above what he ought to think, or to leave anything out that would lessen the admiration that so illustrious a man as Elder Branstetter justly merited, and in which he was held by those who knew him.

It is a sad mistake in the judgment of men, when only those are called great who are brought into notice by their own pretenses, endeavoring to immortalize themselves. While it is right for every man and woman to strive to be the most useful in all the many relations of life that may surround each of them, yet if such acts are for no other purpose than to gratify a desire for fame and wealth, they can not be said

to be Christian works. Such works lack that spirit of self-denial which was so prominent in the whole life of our dear Redeemer, and has been followed by His children through all the trials and troubles of this life.

In this particular it may be said that none of God's children in this age followed more closely the example of Christ than did Elder Branstetter. The writer has often heard him say, in speaking of the difficulties of the Christian life, that we should not murmur with the promises of God before us of a blessed immortality, and with the gracious evidence in our poor hearts that in a short time all our troubles would be over and we would enjoy that rest which God has provided for His children—the purchase of the blood of Christ.

I never knew a man who was a stronger believer in the sovereignty and immutability of God than Elder Branstetter. We are often told by conditionalists that if they believed in the doctrine of God's sovereignty and predestination, they would take their fill of sin. This idea was not true in the case of Elder Branstetter. Neither do I believe it is true in the case of any truly converted soul.

Elder Branstetter had very limited opportunities of attending school, and grew to manhood illiterate. After he received a hope in the forgiveness of his sins, he was very anxious to become acquainted with the scriptures and to know what the Redeemer said in reference to the salvation of His people. It was with great difficulty that he began the task of reading the word of God, but with a dictionary to aid him in pronouncing, he slowly, but surely, acquired an extensive knowledge of the Bible. He believed, and often said, that the Bible contained everything that was necessary for the church to know, both in faith and practice.

Elder Branstetter, in his public speaking, was very positive, and some thought him a little rough. This, however, was a mistake that grew out of not being acquainted with his disposition. He was one of those earnest, zealous kind of preachers who tried to get every Christian to understand the doctrine of Christ, which he believed to be necessary to peace and fellowship in the church.

A difficulty came up in the Cuivre-Siloam association in the year 1875, which finally resulted in a division of several of the churches. Elder Branstetter was cho-

sen moderator of the association that same year. He had often said to the writer that he plainly saw some of the preachers and lay members in the association were leading off into false doctrine, which would finally bring division.

So he set to work with all his power to explain and show the churches the difference between the doctrine of Christ and the new "Means" doctrine of antichrist that was then being preached in some of the churches. But in spite of all he could say or do, the separation came and the scriptural truth was demonstrated that they (the Means Baptists) "went out from us, but they were not of us; for if they had been of us, they would no doubt have continued with us." He often said that this trouble in the churches was one of the greatest trials of his life—to see brethren and sisters in whom he had the utmost confidence, going off after strange doctrine.

But in taking a different view of the matter, he said that it was all right; that God had told us there should be false teachers in the last days who would draw away disciples after them. His faith was unshaken in God's promise that he would save his people from their sins.

Elder Branstetter's travels in the ministry were very extensive, and his endurance in this direction showed him to be a man of wonderful constitution as well as determination. He might have said with the eminent Paul that what he found to do he did with all his might.

At one time he had quite a trial of mind in reference to a church called Sand Run, in Lincoln county, Missouri, of which he was then pastor. He lived on a farm, had quite a large wheat harvest and was very hard at work, being scarce of hands, and he began to think that he could not leave his work to go to meeting. This caused him much trouble. Having a very faithful wife, he told her his conclusions. After he went to the field she rode out on horseback and found a hand to work in his place. So, late Friday evening he started to meeting, which was forty miles away. He traveled until late at night, and on Saturday morning resumed his journey.

When within five miles of the church his horse was taken very sick. After doctoring him for some time he decided that the horse would die. He tried to hire a horse from a man who lived near by, but failed. Feeling determined to fill his appointment, he resumed his journey on foot,

and was there in time for the meeting Sunday morning. To his surprise his horse got well and was brought on to the church, and he was able to reach home by midnight.

This is only one of many such instances that occurred during his ministry of over thirty years. I speak of this particular case to give the reader some idea of the self-denial and fortitude of this man of God. He did not wait for some church to promise him a salary, or give him a reward for his services, but trusting in the Savior's power and promises, he felt that all would be right, and that God could and would bless His children in the discharge of their duty. He did not believe that God ever called hirelings to preach the gospel, and he was very prompt to warn the churches everywhere against those religious hirelings that Christ called "wolves in sheep's clothing."

He often said that the greater part of all the troubles in the church of Christ was caused by false teachers getting into the fold of God who were prophesying for reward and divining for money. At the same time he frequently told his churches that it was their bounden duty to look after the temporal needs of their minsters; and in failing to do this they would most certainly bring God's displeasure upon them.

He frequently complained of the negligence of the churches toward their preachers, not in reference to himself, for he was blessed with plenty, but for those faithful preachers who were very poor and very willing to make every sacrifice for the truth's sake. The writer had often conversed with Elder Branstetter on this subject, and he said that the ministers of Christ were placed in a very peculiar position. They had to guard the churches against intruders and money hunters on the one hand, and exhort them to their duty to the true minister on the other. And he believed it to be the duty of the servants of Christ to do both.

In his last days Elder Branstetter frequently said that he could see quite an improvement among the churches of his acquaintance in their liberality to their preachers, as compared with what it was when he began preaching, and that he hoped the time was near at hand when the Primitive Baptists would come fully up to the Bible rule in this important matter.

He did not think that indolence or extravagance was becoming in a preacher, and thought every true minister should labor with all the ability he possessed to promote the cause of truth in whatever

way God would enable him, whether by privations, or troubles, or necessities, and that his motto should be the same as was Paul's—"I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ," being assured that he who had Christ possessed the true riches, an inheritance that is incorruptible and undefiled and that fades not away. He often said in his preaching that he would not give his little hope of salvation through Christ for all this world.

How very different was the preaching of Elder Branstetter on practical religion, and the preaching that is so common in this age of the world, in which sinners are told that they must serve God in order to become His children, while they are yet dead in their sins. He exhorted all saints to obey God because they were His children, and that Christ required them to follow Him. He often declared that the dead sinner could no more change his heart by good works than the apple tree could be changed by the fruit it bore. While good works were an evidence of a change of heart, they did not produce that change. In this particular he thought the Arminians had the cart before the horse.

I wish here to make some reference to a sermon the writer once heard Elder Branstetter preach on the watchcare that every Christian should have over himself, and especially those in the ministry. In the course of his remarks he said, by way of comparison, that a cracked jar never afterwards rang clear; so with the Christian who gives over to the flesh and falls a victim to false doctrine or bad habit. While they may see their error and turn from it, yet full confidence is seldom, if ever, restored. This being true, he insisted that all of God's children should heed the admonition of the apostle in which he said to the church—"Be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord." The remark that a cracked jar never rang clear any more should rest on the mind of every Christian.

Elder Branstetter was very much opposed to Baptists joining any of the many secret orders that are now in the world, and some have thought that he was a strong enemy of those societies. This was not true, so far as the world was concerned. He has often said to the writer that if the world wanted such things let it have them,

but he thought Primitive Baptists should take the Bible for their guide, and that all such things are positively forbidden. He thought that the church was enough for every one of God's people, and that by joining such societies no Christian can keep himself unspotted from the world. He often said that if the intention of such societies, as some would claim, was for protection in this life, it showed lack of confidence on the part of Christians in that God who owns and controls the earth and all that is in it.

His strongest point in preaching was on the sovereignty of God, and to this point he would direct the minds of his audience in speaking of temporal blessings as well as spiritual, man being dependent upon God, not for his eternal salvation only, but for every earthly blessing; that the scriptures directed the saint to look to and trust in God for every good as well as every perfect gift. This was one reason why he claimed that the doctrine of humanly devised means was contrary to the scriptures, and could not be true from the fact that the blessing of God's grace in the salvation of poor, lost sinners was not suspended upon the act of fallen man; that for this reason, if no other, the gospel was good news to those who had

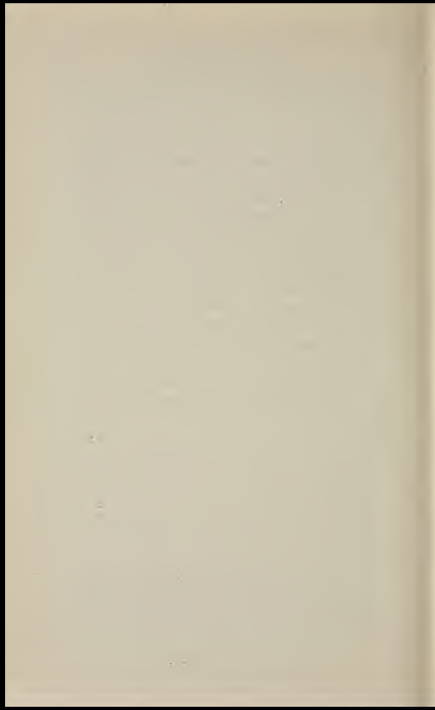
realized that they were destitute of anything to commend them to God and His love.

No man, perhaps, ever lived who rejoiced more in the gospel than Elder Branstetter. He seemed to fully realize that the gospel of Christ presented a full and complete Savior, a kind Protector and a rich Benefactor, who could bless and none could curse, and could sustain and protect His children in all the privations and trials they had to meet in this life. This faith, I think, was what enabled this worthy man of God to stand firm against all the strong opposition with which he had to meet during his entire ministry.

S. A. ELKINS.

Middletown, Mo., December, 1891.

ERRATA—On page 185, third line of obituary should read, "died April 16, 1890."—Publisher.



FAMILY RECORD.

Peter L. Branstetter was born February 11, 1825.

Missouri Ann Henderson was born July 12, 1826.

Peter L. Branstetter and Missouri Ann Henderson were married November 23, 1843.

Susan Parthena Branstetter was born March 31, 1845.

Frederick Davis Branstetter was born March 30, 1847.

Sarah Elizabeth Branstetter was born January 7, 1849; Sarah Elizabeth Branstetter Maxwell died in Washington Territory, March 10, 1881.

Amanda Ann Branstetter was born October 3, 1850, died February 28, 1871.

Charity Louisa Branstetter was born November 15, 1852.

William Priest Branstetter was born January 11, 1854; died in the state of Oregon January 30, 1879.

Martha Jacintha Branstetter was born May 11, 1857.

Sterling Price Branstetter was born September 18, 1859.

Mary L. Branstetter was born March 15, 1863.

Lonegan Branstetter was born September 26, 1866, died April 2, 1867.

Missouri Ann Branstetter, wife of Peter L. Branstetter, died Wednesday, August 28, 1867, at the age of forty-one years, one month and sixteen days.

Sarah Frances Elmore was born October 5, 1840.

Peter L. Branstetter and Sarah Frances Elmore were married April 22, 1868.

Ida Alis Branstetter was born December 14, 1868.

Genette Waler Branstetter was born July 12, 1870, died January 15, 1871.

Frank Turner Branstetter was born March 27, 1872.

Leona Frances Branstetter was born February 23, 1874.

Annaliza Branstetter and Enoch Hall Branstetter were born September 12, 1876.

Peoria Laura Branstetter was born January 20, 1879.

Louis Peter Branstetter was born December 9, 1880.

A son was born July 26, 1882, and died the same day.

Nancy Cleveland Branstetter was born May 12, 1885.

This finishes my family record.

PETER L. BRANSTETTER.

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